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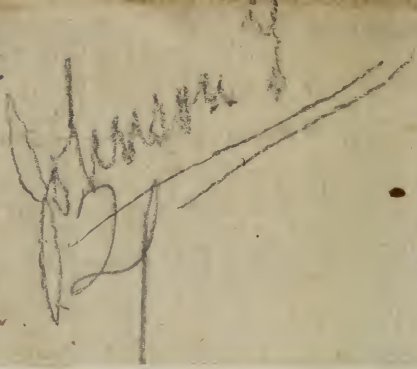

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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

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Lord Rochford

Caston

1790.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son
To the Holy Ghost
יהוה
With cheerful Notes let all the Earth
To God their Voices raise.

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AN

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OF THE

NEW VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS,

FOR THE

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This Edition of the Abridgment of the New-Verſion of the Pſalms is Publiſh'd with the Tunes Prefixt to each Pſalm as expreſs'd in the following Title Page and Contents of this Book: likewiſe, the Motive from whence this Publication aroſe is contain'd in the following Preface and Sold neatly Bound for 3^{S}.

But to ſuit the conveniency of thoſe who do not chuſe to be at the expence of the Tunes: the ſaid Abridgment is Bound without the Tunes, and Sold for the usual Price 1^{s}. 6^{d}.

PREFACE

TO THE

PSALMS.

THAT the Pſalms of David abound with Praiſes, Thankſgivings, and many pious Ejaculations, beautifully adapted to elevate the Heart of the devout Chriſtian, cannot be denied; yet as being compos'd for particular Circumſtances, tho' excellent in themſelves, it may be allow'd that many Parts of them are rendered very unfit for public Worſhip, which ſhould be calculated to ſuit the ſtate of every ſincere Chriſtian, who is willing to lift up his Voice in Praiſe of his Creator.

As it ought to be the Deſire, and conſtant Endeavour of every Clerk to a Church or Chapel, that this eſſential Part of our Church Service be perform'd with Decency and good Order, and, as St. Paul obſerves, *with the underſtanding alſo*; I have thought it my Duty, not only to collect ſuch Portions of the Pſalms as may anſwer the afore-mentioned Purpoſes; but alſo (by the Aſſiſtance of my Friend Mr. Dupuis) to adapt ſuch Tunes to them, as, when ſung with Spirit and Judgment will, I hope, give entire ſatisfaction to all who have a real Taſte for Pſalmody: And I think I may venture to affirm, that if the Congregations of our Eſtabliſh'd Church

were as induſtrious to become Proficients in this reſpect, as our modern Sectaries are, our mode of ſinging would be equally perfect and harmonious, and more ſolemn and ſuitable for Divine Worſhip than theirs. To accompliſh this, I would recommend it to all Perſons (eſpecially the Female part of our Congregations), who play on the Harpſichord, or any other Muſical Inſtrument, to practiſe theſe Tunes, that they may effectually join in ſinging, in the courſe of Divine Service: For which Purpoſe, I have taken care to have proper Baſes affix'd and figur'd to each Tune. This, if properly attended to, would greatly enliven this delightful Part of our Duty in praiſing our Redeemer; and contribute to anſwer the pious Intention of the Royal Pſalmiſt; who concludes his admirable Leſſons, with an Invitation unto "every living Creature that hath Breath, to praiſe the Lord."

It will, no doubt, be objected by Perſons who do not underſtand Muſic, that the Notes can be of no Uſe to them: To obviate which, I humbly beg Leave to obſerve, that ſuch Part of the Congregation as hath a little Knowledge of the Tunes, will find the Notes of real Service, in enabling them to follow others, who ſing the Tunes true; and prove a much ſtronger Guide to the reſt, who, with a little Diligence and Attention to the Organ, will ſoon be convinced, that the Notes are of Service to all.

This

This Book is publiſhed in its preſent Form, at the Requeſt of ſeveral in theſe Congregations, who have expreſſed a Deſire, that ſome Tunes of modern Date might be added to thoſe we have hitherto made Uſe of,—tho' many prefer the latter: I have, therefore, endeavoured to give Satisfaction to all; having introduced ſelect Tunes, compoſed by the moſt eminent Authors, of both Sorts; and intend to uſe them (alternately) to the Praiſe and Glory of that GOD, who hath promis'd, that if we "make his Service our Delight, he will make our Wants his Care."

To this End, I humbly offer the following ABRIDGMENT, with my ſincere Wiſhes that it may prove acceptable and beneficial to all who may uſe it:

And am, with due Reſpect,

Their dutiful and obliged

humble Servant,

Charlotte-Sreet,
Bloomſbury.
Sept. 29th, 1777.

THO. JOHNSON.

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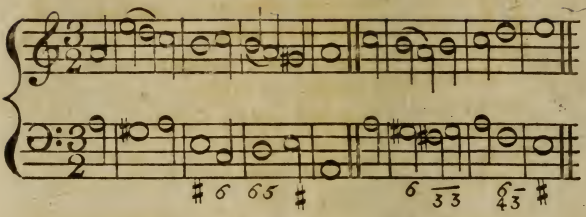
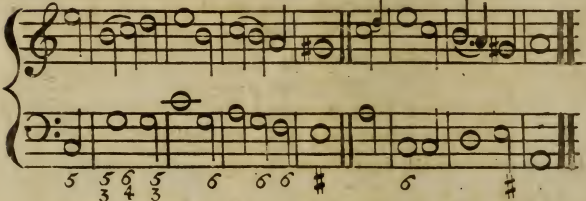
ERRATA.

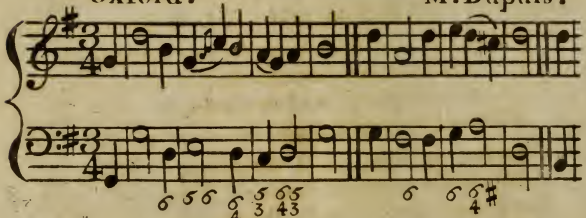
Pſ. 105, p. 26, read Pſ. 104, (Thou for a moment).
Pl. 134, p. 34, read Pſ. 130, (From loweſt Depth's).

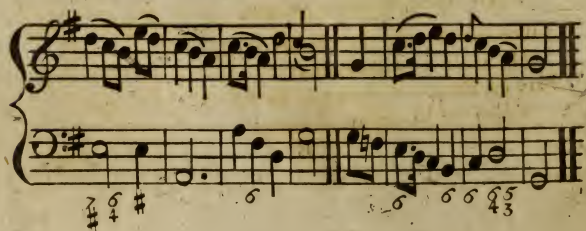
Crowle.





Oxford. Mr. Dupuis.





PSALM. I.

CROWLE TUNE.

HOW bleſt is he who ne'er conſents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in ſinners ways, nor ſits
Where men profanely talk:
But makes the perfect law of God,
His buſineſs and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like ſome fair tree, which fed by ſtreams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and ſucceſs
All his deſigns attend.
Ungodly men, and their attemps
No laſting root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted and diſpers'd,
Like chaff before the wind.

PSALM III. *(For the Morning.)*

OXFORD TUNE.

THOU, Lord, art my ſecure defence,
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and my help,
When any evil's nigh.

Guarded by thee, I laid me down,
My ſweet repoſe to take;
For I thro' thee ſecurely ſleep,
Thro' thee in ſafety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend:
His bleſſings he extends to all
Who on his name depend.

PSALM IV. *(For the Evening.)*

St. ANN's TUNE.

THE place of other ſacrifice,
Let righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your hope ſecurely fixt,
On heaven alone rely.

While worldly minds impatient grow
More proſp'rous times to ſee,
O let the glories of thy face,
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful reſt;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V. *(For the Morning.)*

WINDSOR TUNE.

LORD hear the voice of my complaint;
Accept my ſecret pray'r:
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

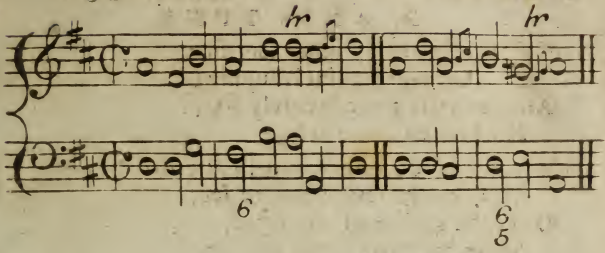
Thou in the morn my voice ſhalt hear:
And with the dawning day,
To thee, devoutly, I'll look up,
To the, devoutly pray.

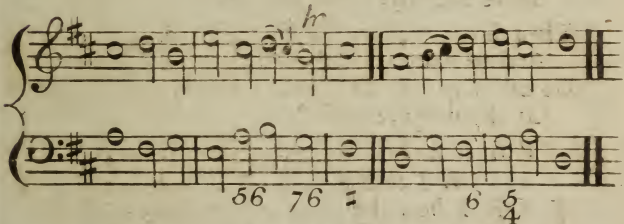
For thou the wrongs the juſt ſuſtain,
Can'ſt never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy ſacred dwelling place,
All evil doſt remove.

Not long ſhall wicked men remain
Unpuniſh'd in thy view;
All ſuch as act unrighteous things,
Thy vengeance ſhall purſue.

PSALM

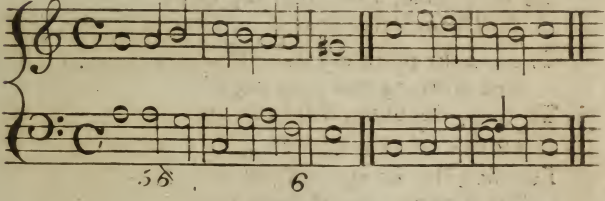
St. Anns.

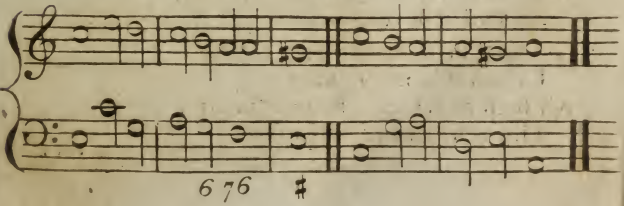




Windsor

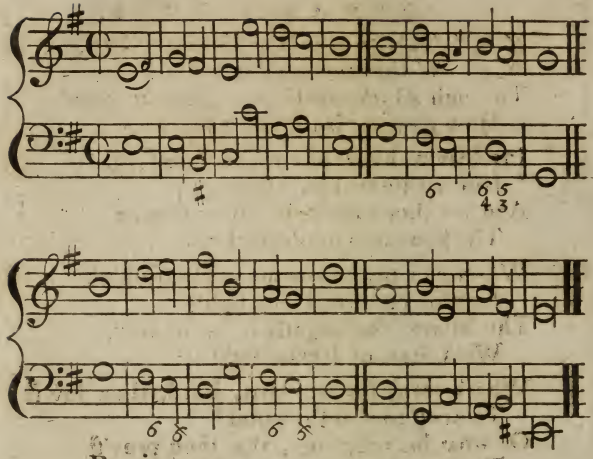
Mr. Ravenscroft.



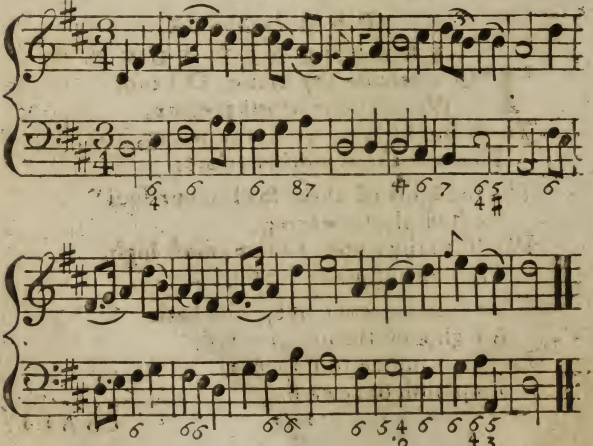


St Marys.

Dr Croft.



Braintree.



PSALM VIII.

St, MARY's TUNE.

O GOD, to whom all Creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame;
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

In Heav'n thy wond'rous acts are ſung,
Nor hardly reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'ſt the infant tongue
Thy boundleſs praiſe declare.

When e'er thy beauteous works on high
Employ our wond'ring ſight,
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
With Stars of feebler light;

What's man, ſay we, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offſprings, that thou prov'ſt
To them ſo wond'rous kind?

PSALM IX.

BRAINTREE TUNE.

TO celebrate thy praiſe, O Lord,
We will our hearts prepare,
To all the liſt'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

The thoughts of them ſhall to our ſoul
Exalted pleaſure bring,
Whilſt to thy name, O thou moſt high,
Triumphant praiſe we ſing.

Thou ſhalt for ever live, who hath
A righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial juſtice to diſpence,
To puniſh or reward.

PSALM XV.

BURFORD TUNE.

LORD, who's the happy Man that may
To thy bleſt courts repair;
Not, Stranger-like, to viſit them,
But to inhabit there?

'Tis he, whoſe plighted vows and truſt
Has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his loſs,
He makes his promiſe good.

Whoſe ſoul in uſury diſdains
His treaſure to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltleſs to deſtroy.

The Man, who by this ſteady courſe
Has happineſs inſur'd,
When Earth's foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand,
By Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

St. DAVID's TUNE.

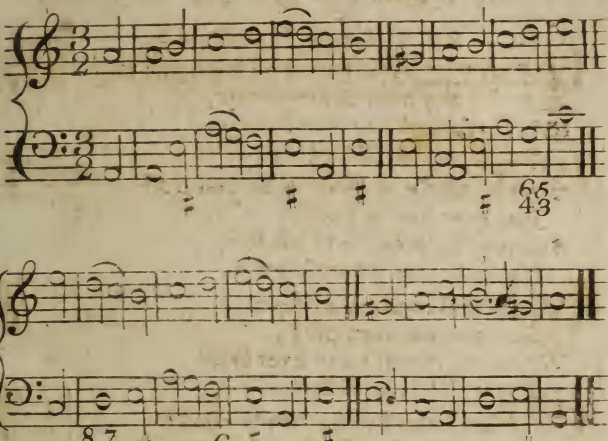
I'LL ſtrive my actions to approve
To his all-ſeeing eye:
Nor danger ſhall my hopes remove,
While my Redeemer's nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;
My fleſh ſhall reſt, in hope to riſe,
Wak'd by his powerful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I reſign my breath,
My ſoul from Hell ſhalt free,
Who did not let thy Holy One
In death, corruption ſee.

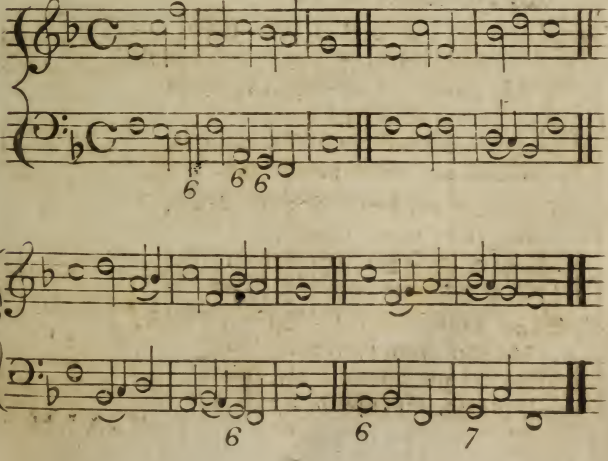
Burford.

Mr. Wheal.



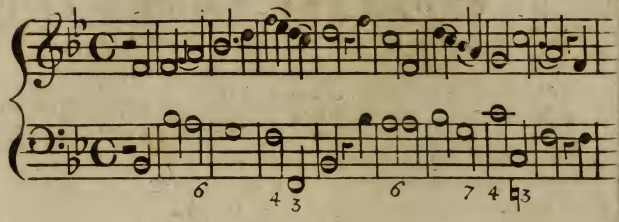
St. Davids.

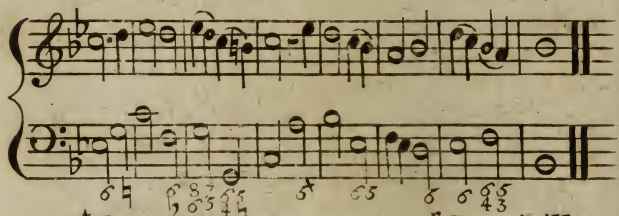
Mr. Ravenscroft.



Brompton.

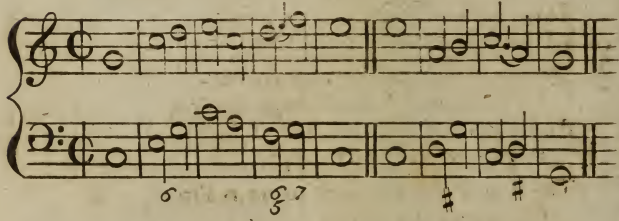
Mr. Dupuis.

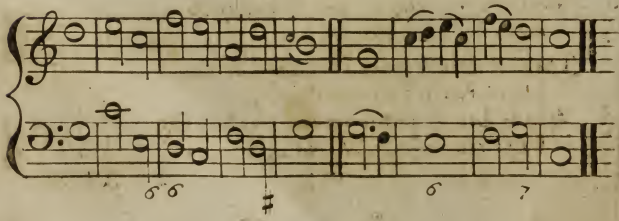




St. James's.

Mr. Courtiville.





PSALM XVIII.

BROMPTON TUNE.

NO change of times ſhall ever ſhock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a rock,
A fortreſs, and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
My truſt is in thy mighty pow'r;
Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad,
At home my ſafeguard, and my tow'r,

Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous ways,
To various paths of human kind;
Thoſe who for mercy merit praiſe,
With thee ſhall wond'rous mercy find.

PSALM XIX.

St. JAMES's TUNE.

THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The Firmament and ſtars expreſs
Their great Creator's Skill.

The Dawn of each returning day
Freſh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine inſtruction ſprings.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's voice, and underſtood
Alike by all mankind.

Their doctrine does its ſacred ſenſe
Thro' Earth's extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright contents the circling Sun
Does round the World convey

PSALM XIX. Part II.

LONDON NEW TUNE.

GOD's perfect laws converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundation laid:
His equal laws are in the scales,
Of truth and justice weighed.

PSALM XIX. Part III.

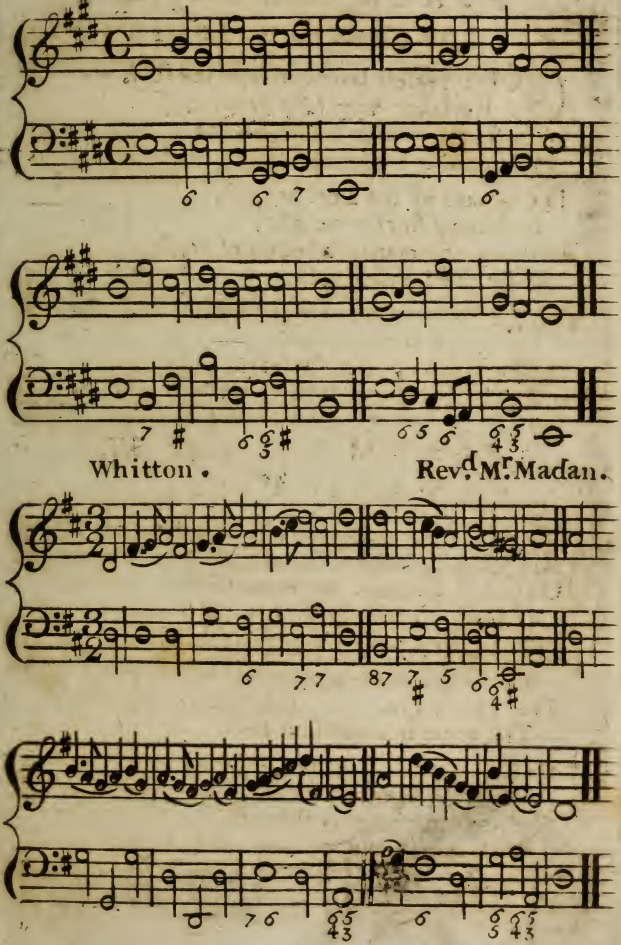
WHITTON TUNE.

BUT what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
O God, thou know'st them all!

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That by thy grace preserved I may
The great transgression flee.

So shall my pray'r and praises be
With thy acceptance blest;
And I, secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

London New.

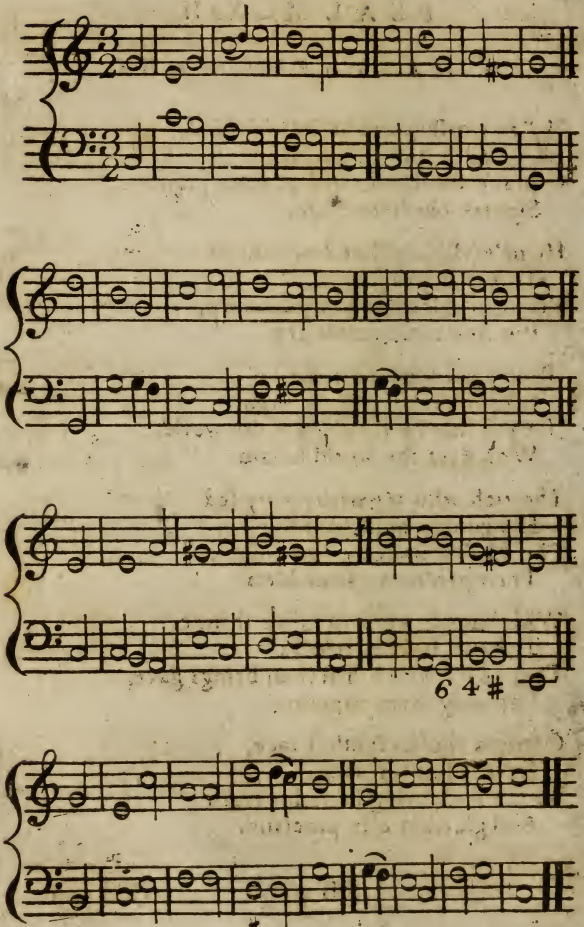


Whitton.

Rev.d M.r Madan.

St. Mathews .

Dr. Croft.



PSALM XXII.

St. MATTHEW's TUNE.

YE worſhippers of Jacob's God,
All ye of Iſr'els line,
O praiſe the Lord, and to your praiſe
Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er diſdain'd on low diſtreſs
To caſt a wiſhful eye,
Nor turn'd from poverty his face,
But hears its humble cry.

'Tis his ſupreme prerogative
O'er ſubject Kings to reign,
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the world,
Who does the world ſuſtain.

The rich who are with plenty fed
His bounty muſt confeſs;
The ſons of want by him reliev'd,
Their gen'rous patron bleſs.

With humble worſhip to his throne,
They all for aid reſort:
That pow'r which firſt their beings gave,
Can only them ſupport.

O may a choſen ſpotleſs race,
Devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth
And glorious acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII

WESTMINSTER NEW TUNE.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be our guide;
The shepherd by whose constant care,
My wants are all supply'd.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose:
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk,
In his most righteous ways.

PSALM XXIII.

FONDLING TUNE.

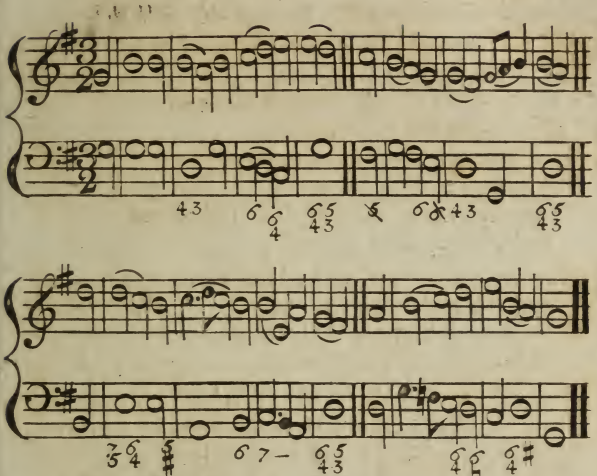
MY Shepherd is the living Lord,
Nothing therefore I need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

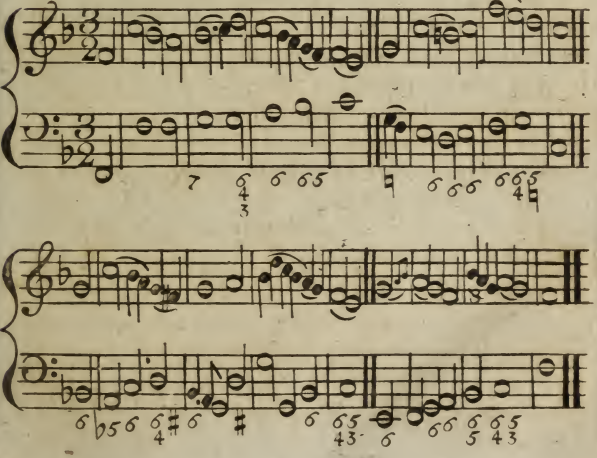
Yea, though I walk in vale of death,
Yet I will fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

Through all my life thy favour is
So frankly shew'd to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

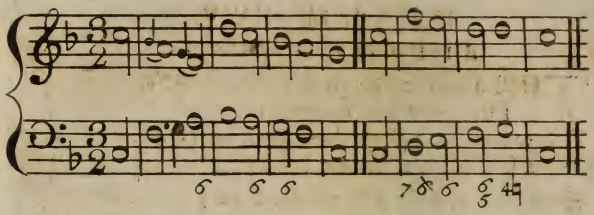
Weſtminſter New. Dr. Nares.



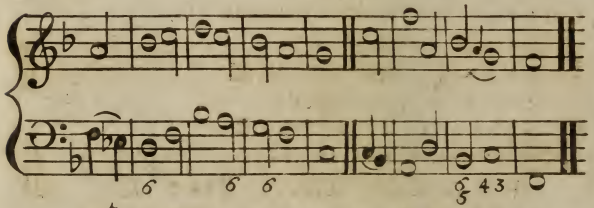
Foundling. Mr. Scott.



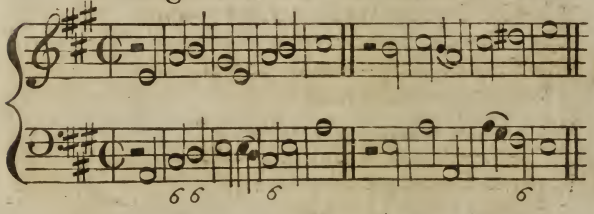
Bedford.



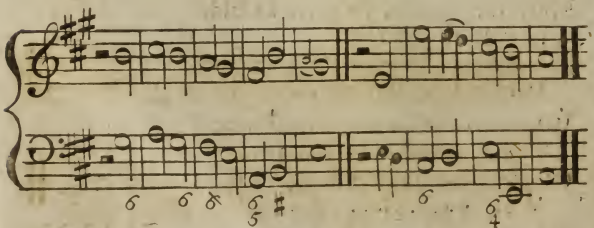
Mr. Wheal.



St. Magnus.



Mr. Jer: Clark.



PSALM XXIV.

BEDFORD TUNE.

THIS ſpacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord her fullneſs is;
The world, and they that dwell therein
By ſov'reign right are his.

He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas;
And his Almighty hand,
Upon inconſtant floods has made
The ſtable fabric ſtand.

But for himſelf, this Lord of all
One choſen ſeat deſign'd;
O! who ſhall to that ſacred hill
Deſerv'd admittance find?

PSALM XXIV. PART II.

St. MAGNUS TUNE.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory—ſee he comes
With his celeſtial train.

Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord for ſtrength renown'd,
In battle mighty; o'er his foes,
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold,
In ſtate to entertain
The King of glory—ſee becomes,
With all his ſhining train.

Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord of hoſts renown'd
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXVII.

BEDFORD TUNE.

WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me,
Is ſaving health and light?
Since ſtrongly he my life ſupports,
What can my ſoul affright?

Henceforth within this houſe to dwell,
I earneſtly deſire,
His wond'rous beauty there to view,
And his bleſt will inquire.

For there may I with comfort reſt,
In time of deep diſtreſs;
And ſafe as on a rock abide,
In that ſecure receſs.

PSALM XXXIII.

St. MATTHEW's TUNE.

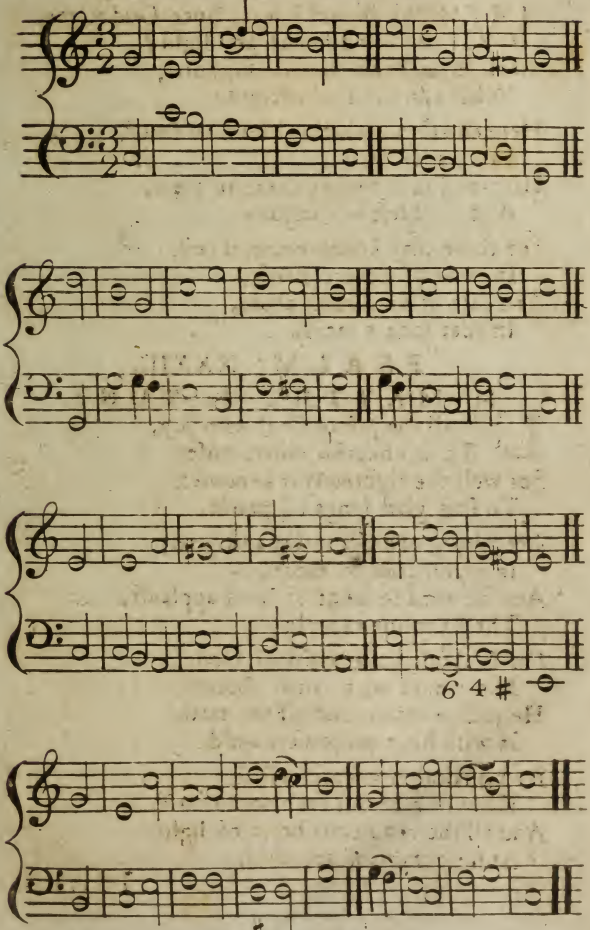
LET all the juſt to God with joy,
Their chearful voices raiſe:
For well the righteous it becomes,
To ſing glad ſongs of praiſe.

Let harps, and pſalteries and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new made ſongs of loud applauſe,
The harmony compleat.

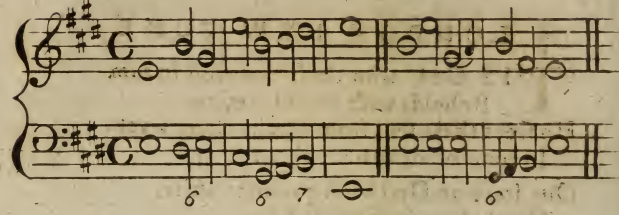
For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound,
He juſtice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodneſs crown'd.

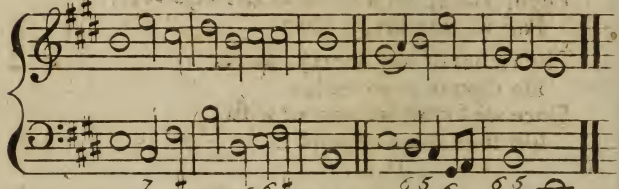
By his Almighty word at firſt,
Heav'ns glorious arch was rear'd,
And all the beauteous hoſts of light,
At his command appear'd.

St. Mathews . Dr Croft.

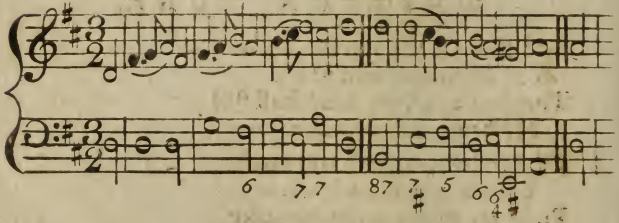


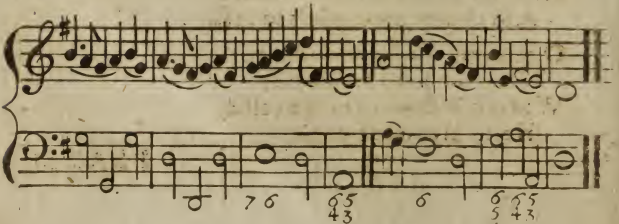
London New.





Whitton. Revd Mr Madan.





PSALM XXXIII. *Three laſt Verſes.*

LONDON NEW TUNE.

'TIS God, who thoſe that truſt in him
Beholds with gracious eyes,
He frees their ſoul from death, their wants
In time of dearth ſupplies.

Our ſouls on God with patience waits,
Our help and ſhield is he;
Then, Lord, let ſtill our hearts rejoice,
For we confide in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend,
Since we for all we want or wiſh
On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

WHITTON TUNE.

THRO' all viciſſitudes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boaſt,
Till all that are diſtreſt,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to reſt.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in diſtreſs to him I call'd,
He to my reſcue came,

PSALM

PSALM XXXIV. PART II.

BURFORD TUNE.

O! Magnify the Lord with us,
With us exalt his name;
When in distress to him we call'd,
He to our rescue came.

O! make but Trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye Saints; and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

PSALM XXXIV. PART III.

St. DAVID's TUNE.

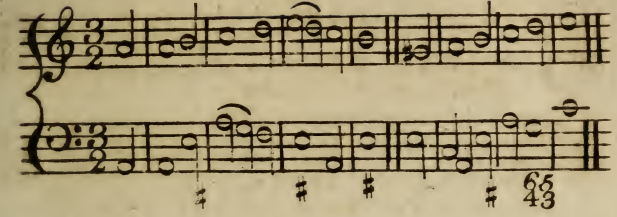
APPROACH, ye piously dispos'd,
And my instruction hear,
I'll teach you the true discipline,
Of his religious fear.

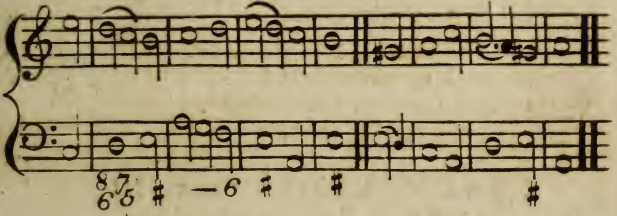
Let him who length of life desires,
And prosp'rous days would see,
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falshood free.

The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish Peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost renew.

Burford.

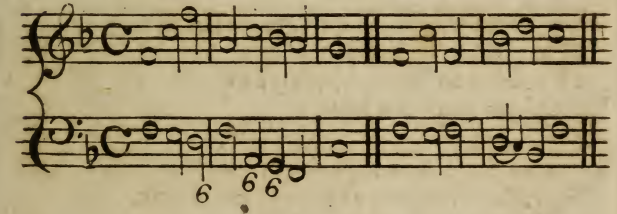
Mr. Wheal.

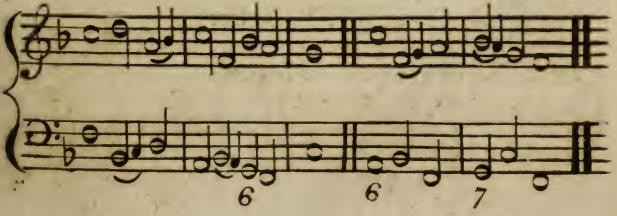




St. Davids.

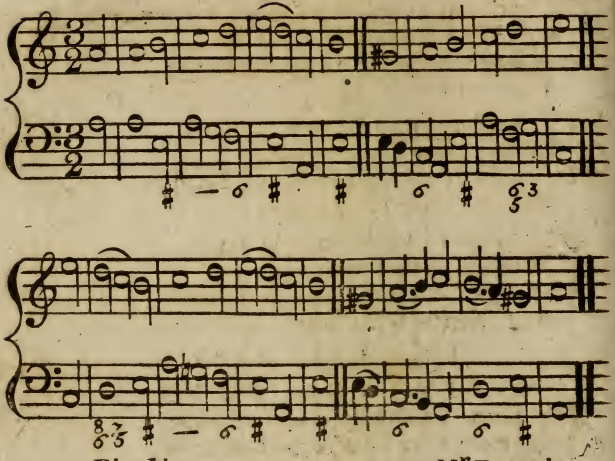
Mr. Ravenscroft.





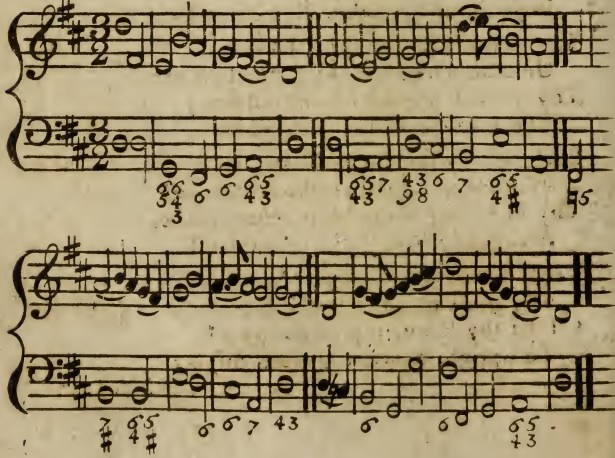
Burford.

Mr. Wheal.



Pimlico.

Mr. Dupuis.



PSALM XXXIV. Part IV.

BURFORD TUNE.

THE Lord from Heav'n beholds the juſt,
With favourable eyes;
And when diſtreſs'd, his gracious ears,
Is open to their cries.

But turns his wrathful look on thoſe,
Whom mercy cant reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth,
Blot out their hated name.

Deliv'rance to his ſaints he gives,
When his relief they crave;
He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite ſpirit ſave.

PSALM XXXVI.

PIMLICO TUNE.

O Lord, thy mercy, our ſure hope,
Above thy heav'nly orb aſcends;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
Beyond the ſpreading Sky extends.

Thy juſtice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd Depts thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world ſuſtains;
The whole creation is thy care.

Since of thy goodneſs all partake,
With what aſſurance ſhould the juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And Saints to thy protection truſt.

With thee the ſprings of life remain;
Thy preſence is eternal day;
O! let thy Saints thy favour gain!
To upright hearts thy truth diſplay.

PSALM

PSALM XLI.

CROWLE TUNE.

HAPPY the man whoſe tender care,
Relieves the poor diſtreſt'd,
When he's by trouble compaſs'd round,
The Lord ſhall give him reſt.

The Lord his life with bleſſings crown'd,
In ſafety ſhall prolong;
And diſapoint the will of thoſe,
That ſeek to do him wrong.

If he in languiſhing eſtate,
Oppreſt with ſickneſs lie,
The Lord will eaſy make his bed,
And inward ſtrength ſupply.

Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r addreſs'd;
Lord, for thy mercy, heal my ſoul,
Tho' I have much tranſgreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

OXFORD TUNE.

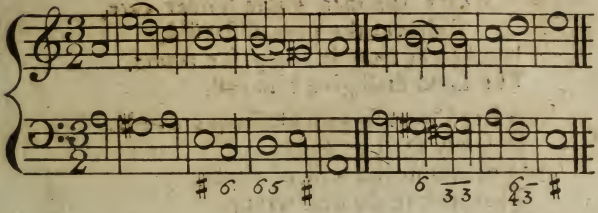
AS pants the hart for cooling ſtreams,
When heated in the chace,
So longs my ſoul, O God for thee,
And thy refreſhing grace.

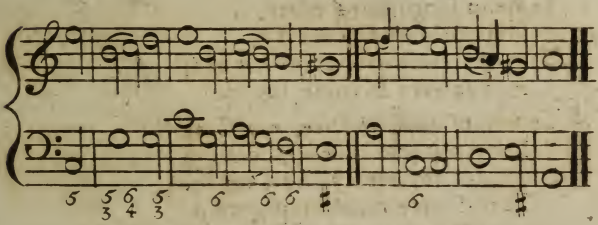
For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirſty ſoul doth pine;
O when ſhall I behold thy face,
Thou Majeſty divine!

GLORIA PATRI. *Common Metre*

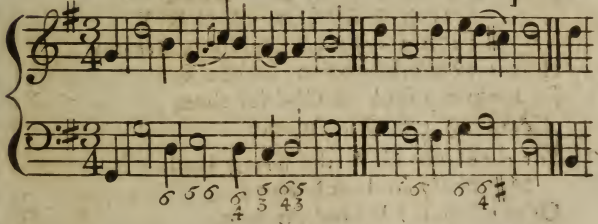
TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

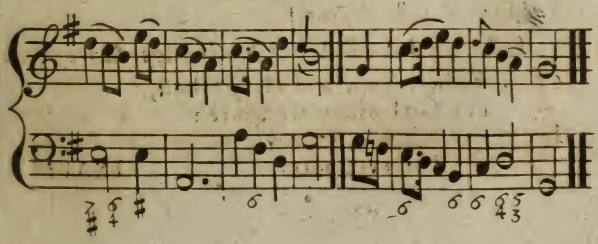
Crowle.



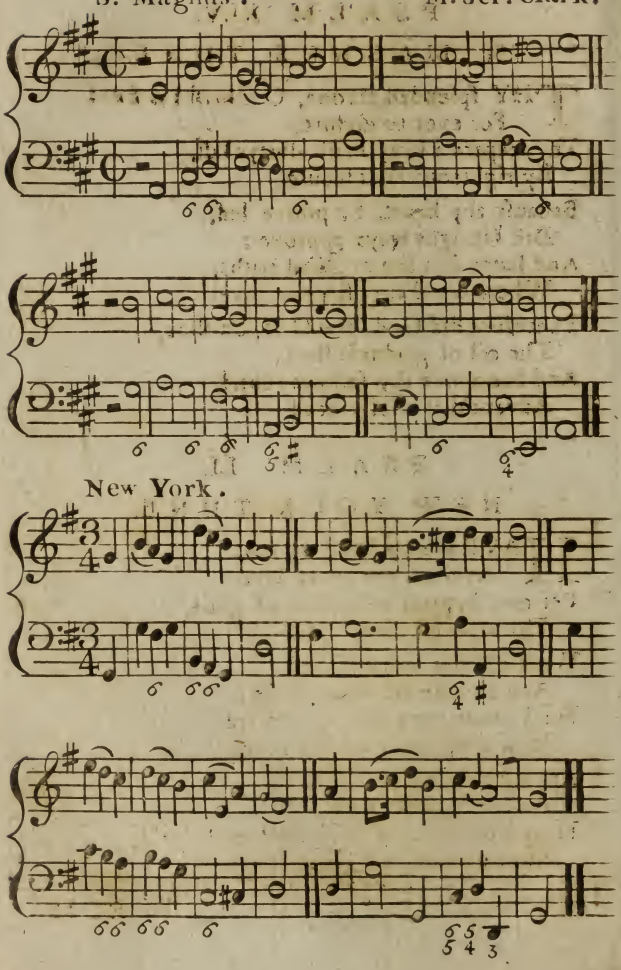


Oxford. Mr. Dupuis.





St. Magnus. Mr. Jer: Clark.



New York.

PSALM XLV.

St. MAGNUS TUNE.

THY ſplended throne, O Chriſt! is fixed
For ever to endure,
Thy ſceptre's ſway ſhall always laſt,
By righteous laws ſecure.

Becauſe thy heart, by juſtice led,
Did Upright ways approve;
And hated ſtill the crooked paths,
Where wand'ring ſinners rove.

Therefore did God, thy God, on thee,
The oil of gladneſs ſhed;
And has above thy fellows round,
Advanc'd thy lofty head.

PSALM LI.

NEW YORK TUNE.

HAVE mercy Lord on me,
As thou wert ever kind:
Let me, oppreſt with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

Waſh off my foul offence,
And cleanſe me from my ſin;
For I confeſs my crime, and ſee
How great my guilt has been.

Againſt thee only, Lord,
And only in thy ſight
Have I tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
Muſt own thy judgments right.

PSALM LXV. PART I.

SAVOY TUNE.

FOR thee, O God, our conſtant praiſe,
In Sion waits, thy choſen ſeat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous vows compleat.

O thou who to my humble prayer,
Didſt alwrys bend thy liſt'ning ear,
To thee ſhall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our ſins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
To ſtop thy flowiug mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty ſtrain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon dye.

PSALM LXVI.

St. MATTHEW's TUNE.

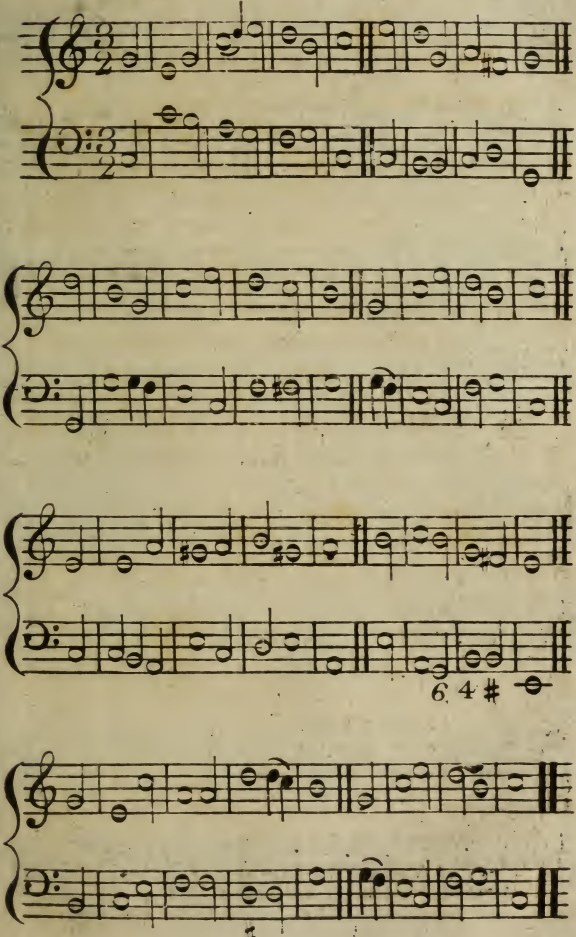
LET all the land with ſhouts of joy,
To God their voices raiſe;
Sing pſalms in honour of his name,
And ſpread his glorious praiſe.

And let them ſay, how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou:
To thy great power, thy ſtubborn foes,
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

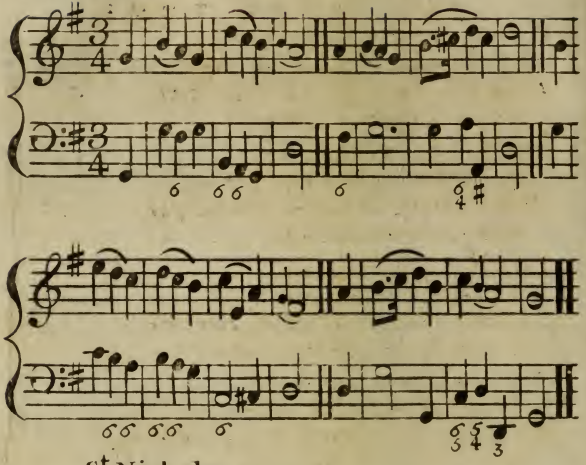
Thro' all the Earth the nations round,
Shall thee their God confeſs;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of thy great name expreſs.

O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That he to all the ſons of men
Has wond'rous mercies ſhown.

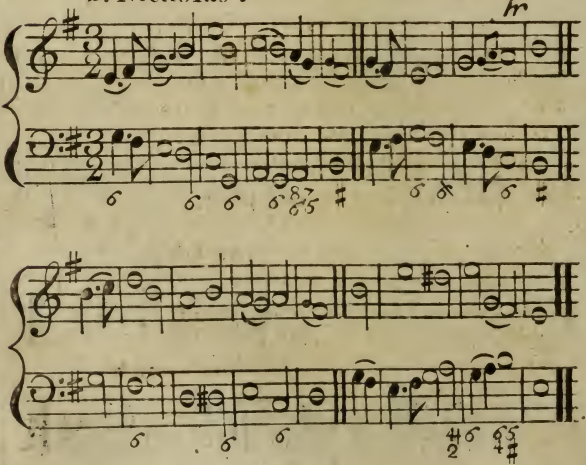
St. Mathews. Dr. Croft.



New York.



St. Nicholas.



PSALM LXVII.

NEW YORK TUNE.

TO bleſs thy choſen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the brightneſs of thy face
On all thy Saints to ſhine.

That ſo thy wond'rous ways,
May thro' the world be known;
Whilſt diſtant lands their tribute pay,
And thy ſalvation own.

Let differing nations join,
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praiſe thy glorious name.

O let them ſhout and ſing,
With joy and pious mirth,
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the Earth.

PSALM LXXI.

St. NICHOLAS TUNE.

IN thee, I put my ſteadfaſt truſt.
Defend me, Lord, from ſhame;
Incline thine ear, and ſave my ſoul,
For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my ſtrong abiding place,
To which I may reſort,
Thy goodneſs 'tis that keeps me ſafe;
Thou art my rock and fort.

Thy conſtant care did ſafely guard,
My tender infant days:
Thou took'ſt me from my mother's womb,
To ſing thy conſtant praiſe.

PSALM LXXII.

BEDFORD TUNE.

THE mem'ry of Chriſt's glorious name,
Through endleſs years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs fame ſhall ſhine as bright,
And ſpotleſs as the ſnn.

In him the nations of the world,
Shall be compleatly bleſt;
And his unbounded happineſs
By every tongue confeſt.

Then bleſt be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Iſr'el fears:
Who only wond'rous in his works,
Beyond compare appears.

PSALM LXXXI.

PROPER, 81ſt TUNE.

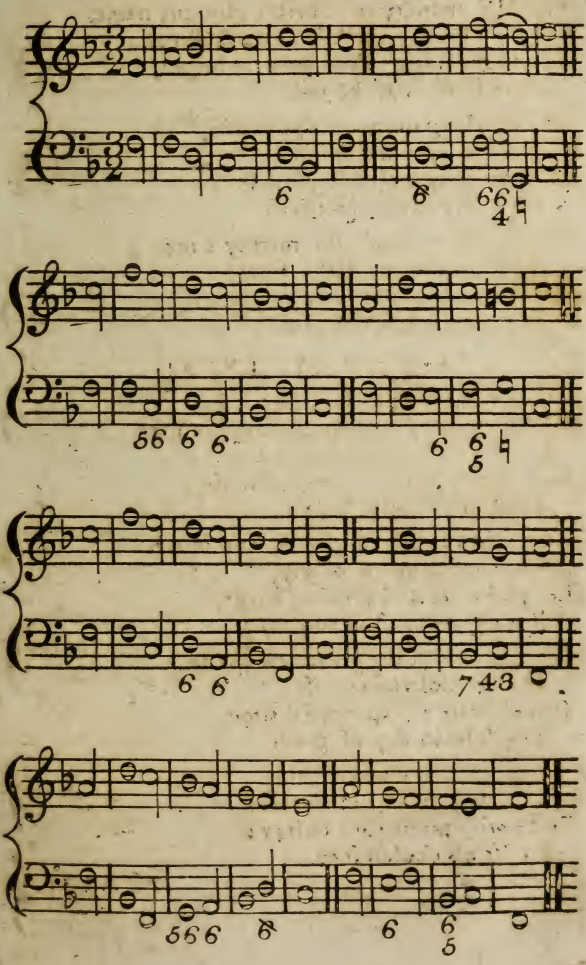
TO God, our never failing ſtrength.
With loud applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a cheerful noiſe,
To Jacob's awful King.

Compoſe a hymn of praiſe, and touch
Your inſtruments of joy,
Let pſalteries and pleaſant harps,
Your grateful ſkill employ.

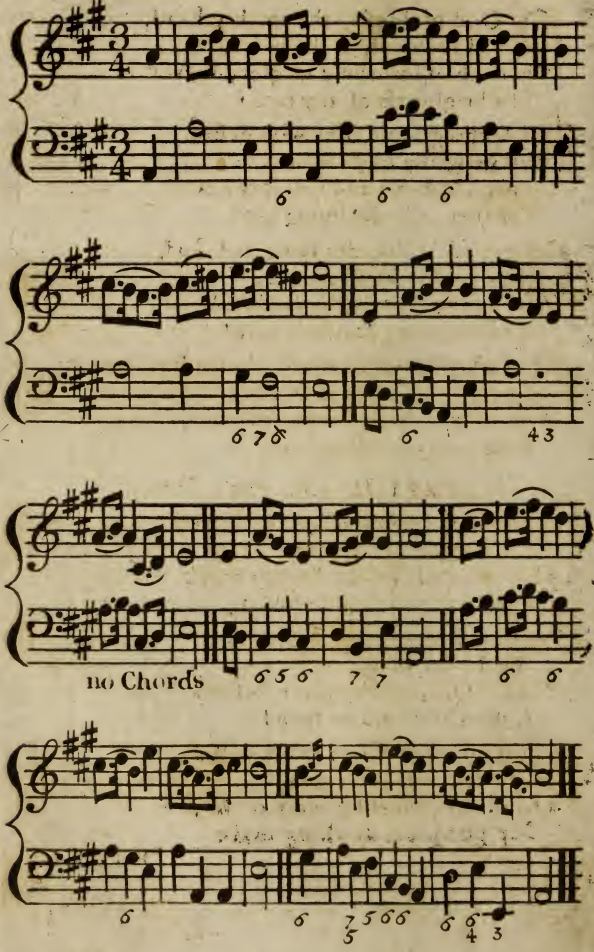
Let trumpets at the great new Moon,
Their joyful voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The ſolemn day of praiſe.

For this a ſtatute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care obſerv'd,
By Iſr'els choſen ſeed.

81st Pfalm Mr Allifon.



Wefton Favel.



PSALM LXXXIV. PART I.
WESTON FAVEL TUNE.

O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place,
Where thou inthron'd in glory shew'st
The brightness of thy face?

Our longing souls faint with desire
To view thy blest abode:
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they!
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred paths,
That to thy dwelling lead!

PART II. *St. Ann's Tune.*

O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts,
My humble suit regard,
Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
Before thy throne be heard.

For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin,
My pompious dwelling make.

PSALM LXXXVI. PART I.
CHARLOTTE TUNE.

TO my complaint, O Lord my God
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſt and diſtitute
Of all relief but thine.

Do thou, O God, preſerve my ſoul,
That does thy name adore;
Thy ſervants keep, and him, whoſe truſt
Relies on thee, reſtore.

To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refreſh thy ſervant's ſoul, whoſe hopes
On thee alone depend.

Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all thoſe,
Who for thy mercy ſue.

PSALM LXXXVI. PART II.
STROUDWATER TUNE.

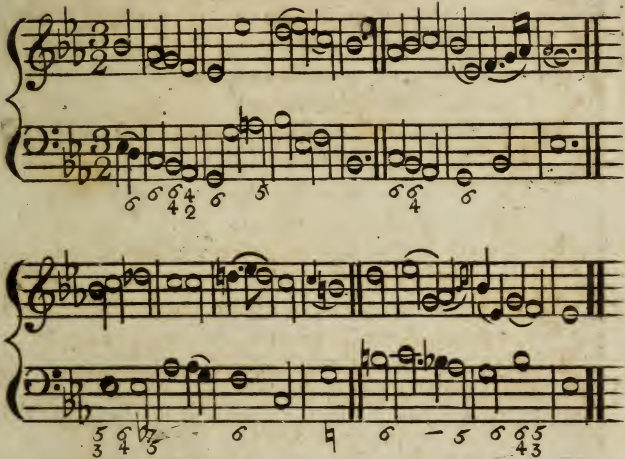
TO my repeated humble pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be;
When troubl'd, I on thee will call,
O hear and anſwer me.

Among the Gods, there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To thee, as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.

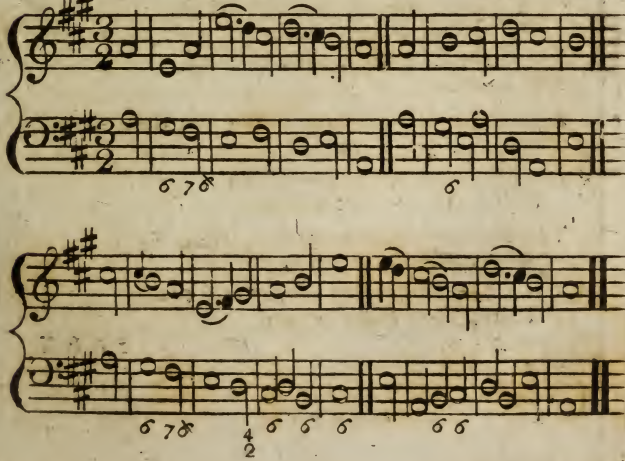
Therefore their great creator, thee
The nations ſhall adore;
Their long miſguided pray'rs and praiſe,
To thy bleſt name reſtore.

PART

Charlotte. Mr. Dupuis.

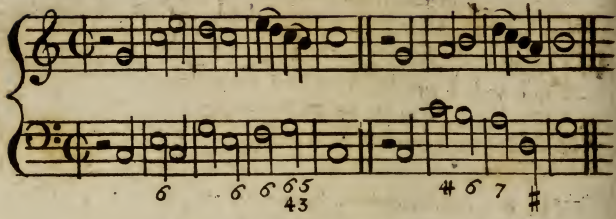


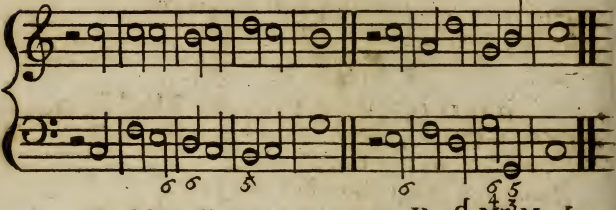
Stroudwater.



Barnabas.

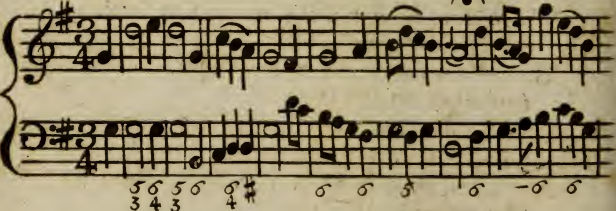
Mr. Soaper.

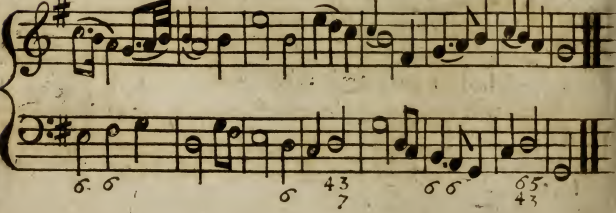




Huddersfield.

Revd Mr. Madan.





PSALM LXXXVI. PART III.

St. BARNIBAS TUNE.

TEACH me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth ſhall ne'er depart:
In rev'rence to thy ſacred name,
Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praiſe, O Lord, my God,
Praiſe thee with heart ſincere;
And to thy everlaſting name,
Eternal trophies rear.

Thy boundleſs mercy ſhewn to me,
Tranſcends my pow'r to tell;
For thou, my Saviour, haſt redeem'd
My precious from hell.

PSALM XC.

HUDDERSFIELD TUNE.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence,
Of us thy choſen race;
From age to age thou ſtill haſt been,
Our ſure abiding place.

Before thou brough'ſt the mountains forth,
Or th' Earth and world did'ſt frame;
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the ſame.

Thou turneſt man, O Lord to duſt,
Of which he firſt was made;
And when thou ſpeak'ſt the word,—Return,
'Tis inſtantly obey'd.

For in thy ſight a thouſand years,
Are like a day that's paſt;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whoſe hours unminded waſte.

PSALM

PSALM XCII.

BEDFORD TUNE.

HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be,
To thank the Lord moſt high,
And with repeated hymns of praiſe,
His name to magnify!

With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
His goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant truth each night,
The glad effects repeat.

To ten-ſtring'd inſtruments we'll ſing,
With tuneful pſalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp with ſolemn ſound,
For ſacred uſe deſign'd.

For thro' thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'ſt my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
And ſhout with chearful voice.

PSALM XCV.

HAMMERSMITH TUNE.

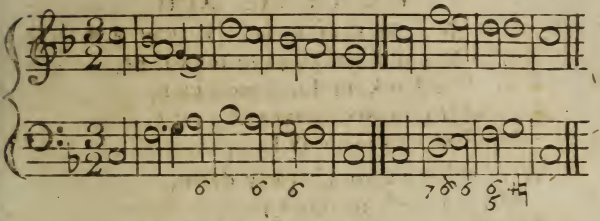
O COME, loud anthems let us ſing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King,
For we our voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our ſalvation's rock we praiſe.
Into his preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his favour paſt:
To him addreſs in joyful ſongs,
The praiſe that to his name belongs.

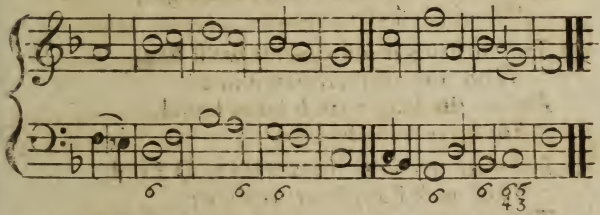
GLORIA PATRI.

PRAISE God, from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all creatures here below:
Praiſe him above, angelic hoſt:
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

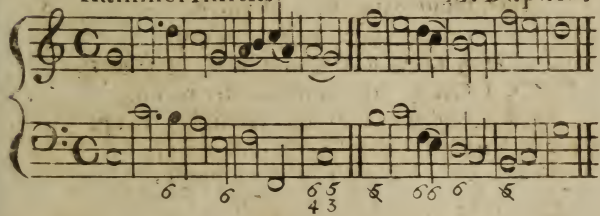
PSALM

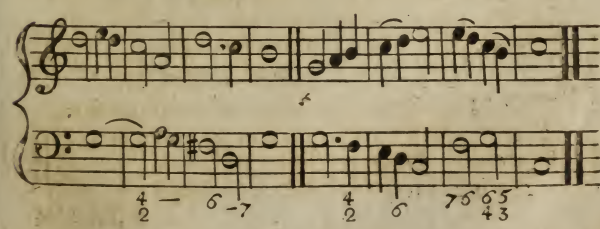
Bedford. Mr. Wheal.



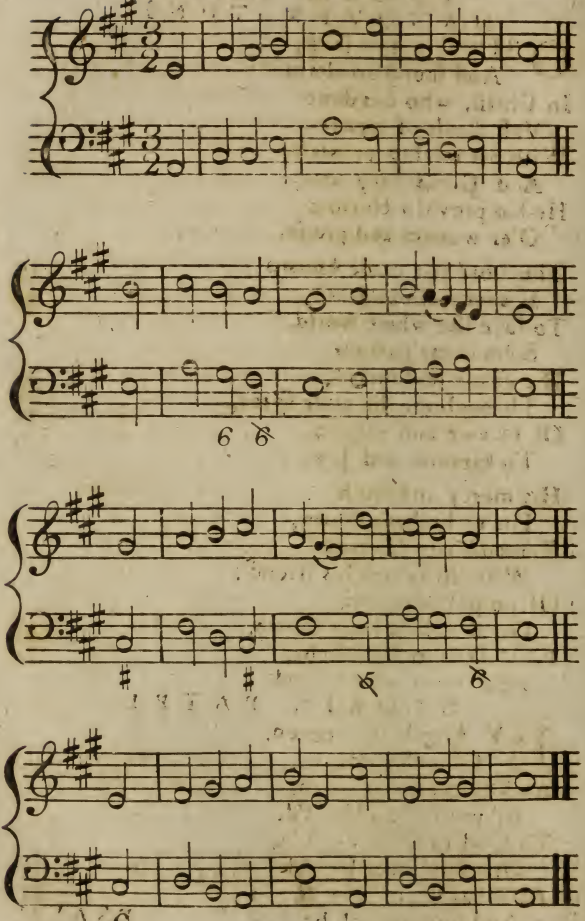


Hammersmith. Mr. Dupuis.





Hanover Mr Handel



PSALM XCVIII.
HANOVER TUNE.

O SING a new ſong,
And ſound an alarm
In Chriſt, who has done
Vaſt deeds of amaze;
With his mighty proweſs,
And God,s holy arm,
He has prov'd victorious
O'er wonder and praiſe.

The Lord has made known
His mervellous grace,
To ſave the whole world,
Submitting to view
His virtue and merits,
Throughout the wide ſpace,
Of ſervice and empire,
To Gentile and Jew.

His mercy and truth
For us he hath ſhewn,
Rememb'ring his oath
With Abraham his friend;
Of goſpel ſalvation,
Good tidings have ſhown,
From Dan to Beerſheba,
And to the world's end.

GLORIA PATRI.

BY Angels in Heaven,
Of ev'ry degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
All praiſe be addreſs'd,
To God in three Perſons,
One God ever bleſs'd
As it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

PSALM XCVIII.

BURFORD TUNE.

SING to the Lord a new-made ſong,
Who wond'rous things has done:
With his right-hand and holy arm,
The conqueſt he has won.

Th' Lord has thro' th' aſtoniſh'd world
Diſplay'd his ſaving might,
And made his righteous acts appeaar,
In all the heathens ſight.

Of Iſr'el's houſe his love and truth,
Have ever mindful been;
Wide Earth's remoteſt parts the pow'r
Of Iſr'el's God has ſeen.

Let therefore Earth's inhabitants,
Their chearful voices raiſe;
And all with univerſal joy
Reſound their Maker's praiſe.

PSALM XCIX.

St. DAVID's TUNE

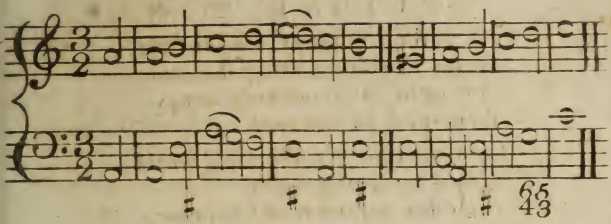
JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
The guilty nations quake;
On Cherub's wings he ſits enthron'd,
Let Earth's foundation ſhake.

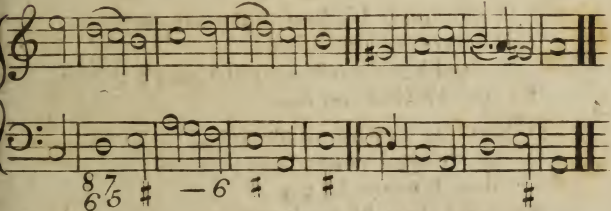
On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her tower's;
Yet thence his ſov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.

Let therefore all with praiſe addreſs
His great and dreadful name!
And with his unreſiſted might,
His holineſs proclaim.

Burford.

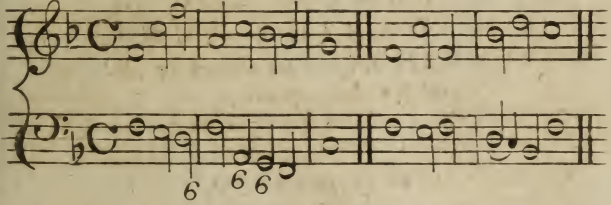
Mr. Wheal.

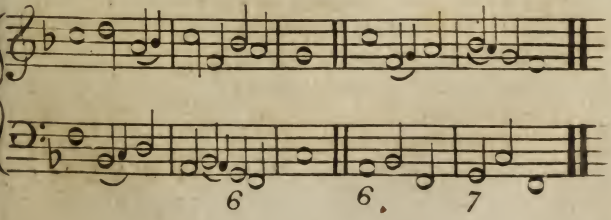




St. Davids.

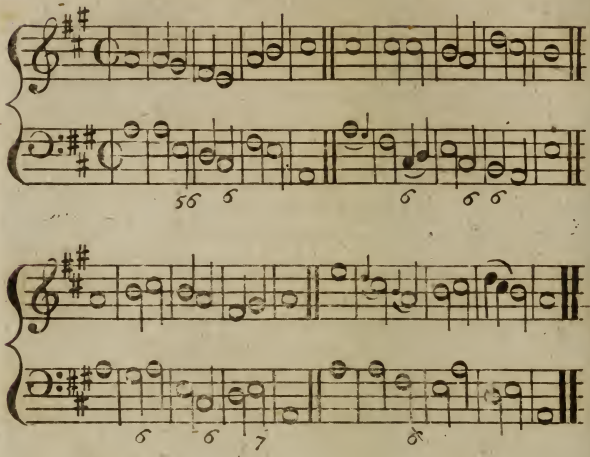
Mr. Ravenscroft.



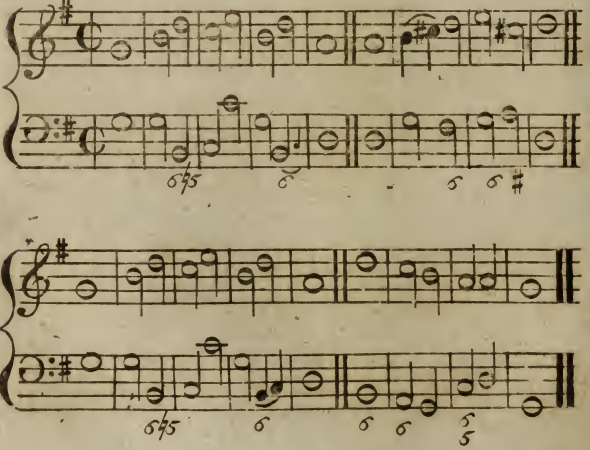


Savoy.

100 Psalm Proper. Dr Bowland.



York.



PSALM C.
SAVOY TUNE.

WITH one conſent let all the earth,
To God their chearful voices raiſe;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And ſing before him ſongs of praiſe.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuſes for his own,
The flock that he vochſafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his court devoutly preſs;
And ſtill your grateful hymns repeat,
And ſtill his name with praiſes bleſs.

For he's the Lord ſupremely good,
His mercy is for ever ſure:
His truth which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CII.
YORK TUNE.

WHEN I pour out my ſoul in pray'r,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace,
Let my ſad cry aſcend.

My days, juſt haſt'ning to their end,
Are like an eve'ning ſhade;
My beauty does like wither'd graſs,
With waning luſtre fade.

But thy eternal ſtate, O Lord,
No length of time ſhall waſte:
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works,
From age to age ſhall laſt.

ANGEL SONG TUNE

THOU for a moment hid'ſt thy face,
The num'rus ranks of creatures mourn:
Thou tak'ſt their breath, all nature's race,
Forthwith to mother earth return.

Again thou ſend'ſt thy ſpirit forth,
To inſpire the maſs with vital ſeed:
Nature's reſtor'd, and parent-earth,
Smiles on her new created breed.

Thus thro' ſucceſſive ages ſtands,
Firm fixt, thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thine own hands,
Thou doſt the waſtes of time repair.

PSALM CV.

OXFORD TUNE

O Render thanks, and bleſs the Lord,
Invoke his ſacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchleſs deeds proclaim.

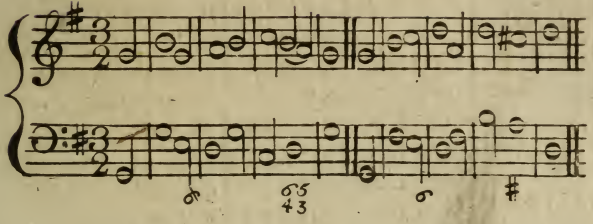
Sing to his praiſe in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearſe:
Make them the theme of your diſcourſe,
And ſubject of your verſe.

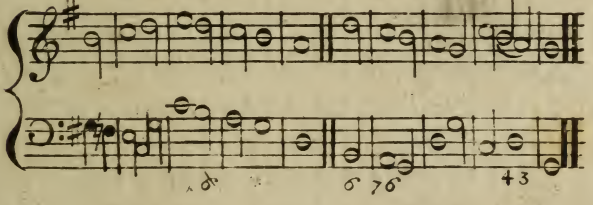
Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly ſeek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord; his ſaving ſtrength,
Devoutly ſtill implore:
And where he's ever preſent, ſeek
His face for evermore,

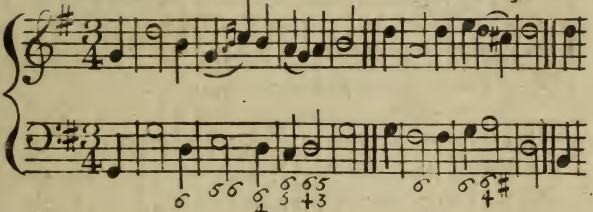
PSALM

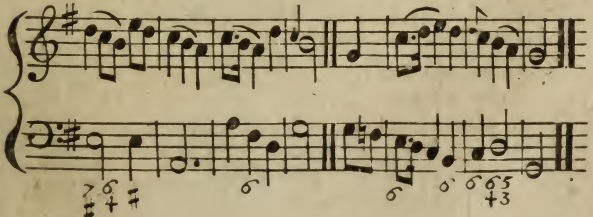
Angels Song. Dr. Gibbons



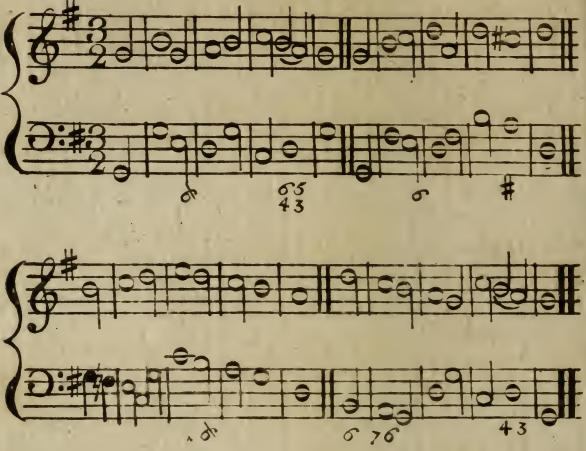


Oxford. Mr. Dupuis.

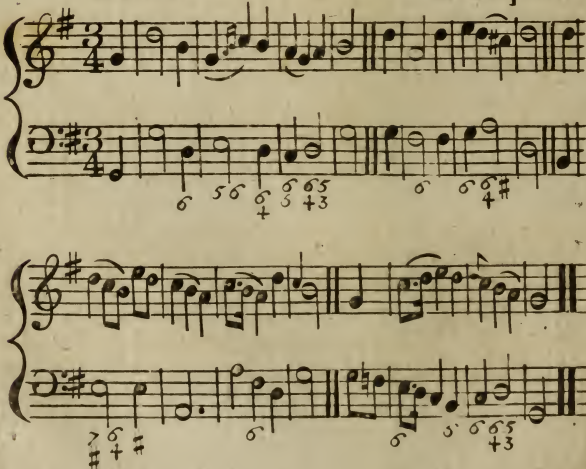




Angels Song. Dr. Gibbons



Oxford. Mr. Dupuis.



ANGEL SONG TUNE

O Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whoſe mercy firm thro' ages paſt,
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who can his mighty deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal eloquence can raiſe,
His tribute of immortal praiſe?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never ſtray;
Who knows what's right, not only ſo
But always practice what they know.

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy ſalvation viſit me.

PSALM CVIII.

OXFORD TUNE

O God, my heart is fully bent,
to magnify thy name;
My tongue with chearful ſongs of praiſe,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake, my lute! nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilſt I with early hymns of joy,
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the liſt'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell!
And to thoſe nations ſing thy praiſe,
That round about us dwell.

PSALM CXI.

ISLINGTON TUNE.

PRAISE ye the Lord, our God to praiſe,
My ſoul her utmoſt pow'r ſhall raiſe;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of ſaints his praiſe ſhall be my ſong.

His works, for greatneſs, tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous works with eaſe are found;
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious ſearch delight.

His works are all of matchleſs fame,
And univerſal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd thro' ages paſt
Shall to eternal ages laſt.

By precepts he hath us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous works in mind;
And to poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

PSALM CXII.

BROMPTON TUNE.

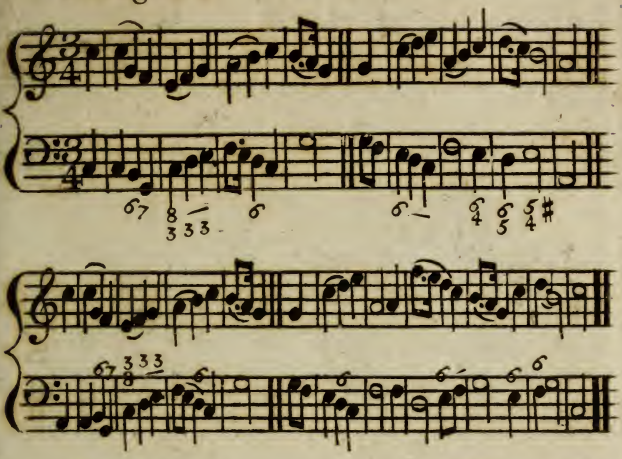
THAT man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred law:
His ſeed on earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive honours crown'd.

His houſe the ſeat of wealth ſhall be,
An inexhauſted treaſury;
His juſtice, free from all decay,
Shall bleſſings to his heirs convey.

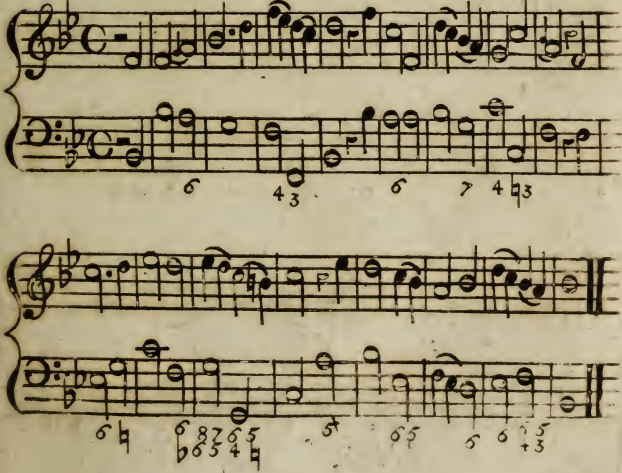
The ſoul that's fill'd with virtues light,
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night;
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all mankind.

PSALM

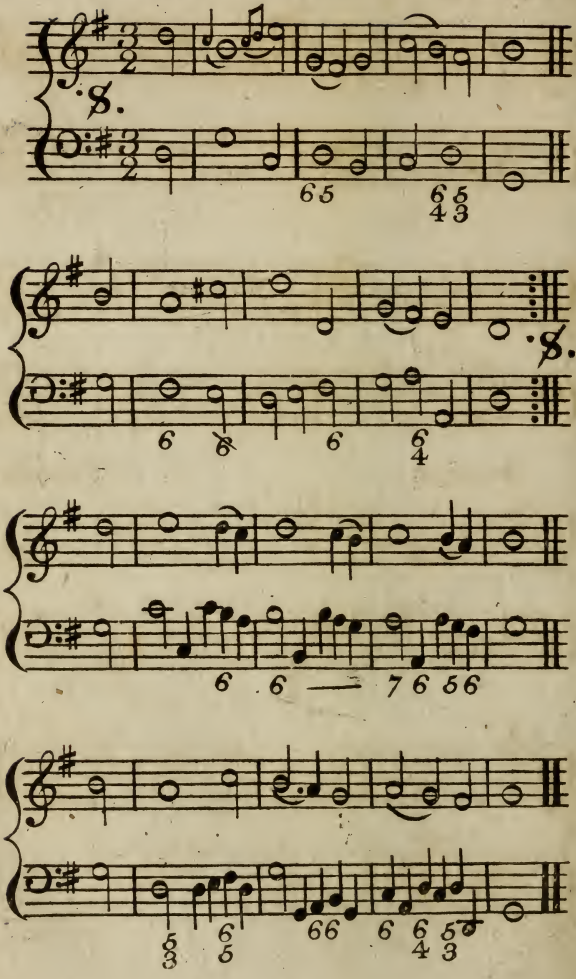
Iflington.



Brompton. M.r Dupuis.



Yarmouth Mr. Carey.



PSALM CXIII.

YARMOUTH TUNE.

YE ſaints and ſervants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His ſacred name for ever bleſs;
Where'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing beams or ſetting rays
Due praiſe to his great name addreſs.

God, thro' the world extends his ſway,
The regions of eternal day,
But ſhadows of his glory are;
To him, whoſe majeſty excels,
Who made the Heav'n wherein he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Tho' 'tis beneath his ſtate to view,
In higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchſafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

GLORIA PATRI.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Heav'ns triumphant Hoſt,
And ſuffering Saints on Earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt
When time itſelf exiſts no more,

PSALM CXV.

BURFORD TUNE

O Iſr'el, make the Lord your truſt,
Who is your help and ſhield;
Prieſts, Levites, truſt in him alone,
Who only help can yield.

Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear, rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants ſupply.

Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Iſr'el's houſe will bleſs;
Prieſts, Levites, proſelytes, ev'n all,
Who his great name confeſs.

On you, and on your heirs, he will,
Increaſe of bleſſings bring;
Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are,
Of this Almighty King.

PSALM CXVI.

WHITTON TUNE

BUT what return to him ſhall I,
For all his goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his name, and with glad zeal,
The cup of bleſſing take.

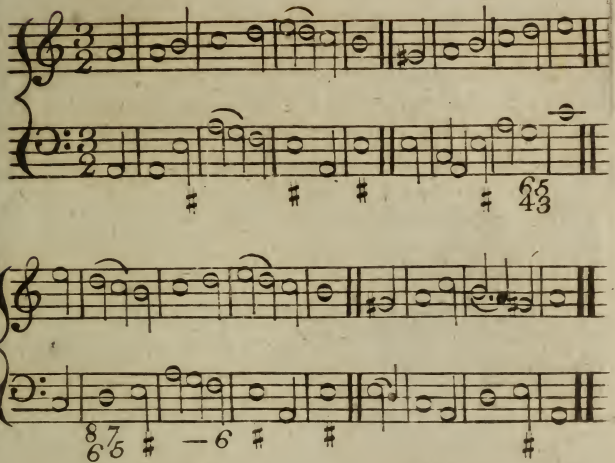
To thee I'll off'rings bring of praiſe,
And whilſt I bleſs thy name;
The juſt performance of my vows,
To all thy Saints proclaim.

They in Jeruſalem ſhall meet,
And in thy houſe ſhall join;
To bleſs thy name with one conſent,
And mix their ſongs with mine.

PSALM

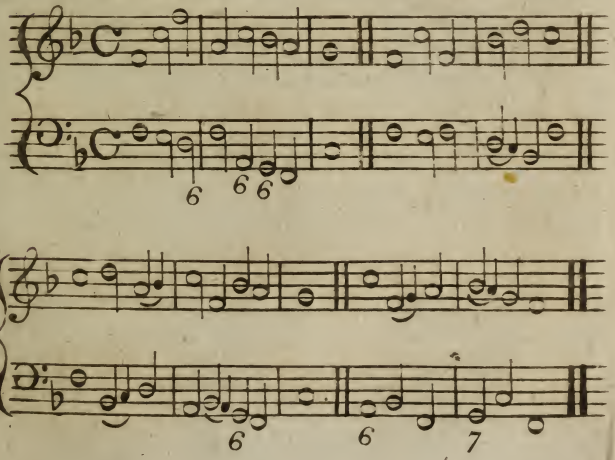
Burford.

Mr. Wheal.

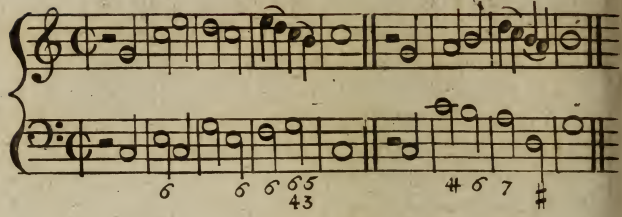


St. Davids.

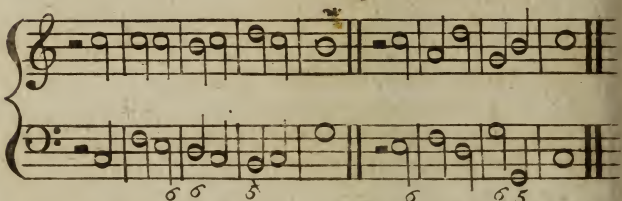
Mr. Ravenscroft.



Barnabas.

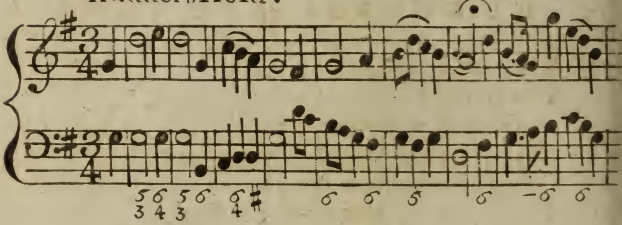


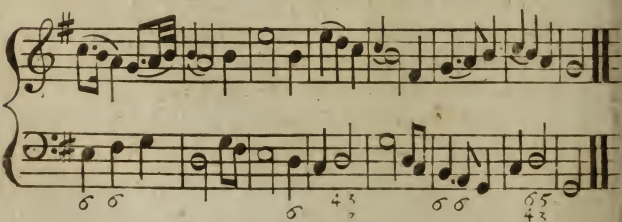
Mr. Soaper.



Huddersfield.

Revd. Mr. Madan.





PSALM CXVII.

St. BARNABAS TUNE

WITH chearful notes let all the Earth,
To Heav'n their voices raiſe;
Let all, inſpir'd with Godly mirth,
Sing ſolemn hymns of praiſe.

God's tender mercy knows no bound.
His truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round,
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

PSALM CXVIII. (*Proper for Eaſter-Day.*)

HUDDERSFIELD TUNE

GOD, by his own reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Has endleſs honor won:
The ſaving ſtrength of his right-hand,
Amazing works has done.

That which the builders once refus'd,
Is now the corner ſtone;
This is the wond'rous work of God,
The work of God alone.

This Day is God's——let all the land,
Exalt their chearful voice;
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
And make us ſtill rejoice.

PSALM CXIX.

BEDFORD TUNE.

HOW bleſt are they, who always keep,
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the ſacred paths,
Of God's commandments ſtray!

How bleſt! who to his righteous laws,
Have ſtill obedient been;
And have with fervent humble zeal,
His favour ſought to win.

Such men their utmoſt caution uſe,
To ſhun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs,
With conſtant zeal proceed.

PART II.

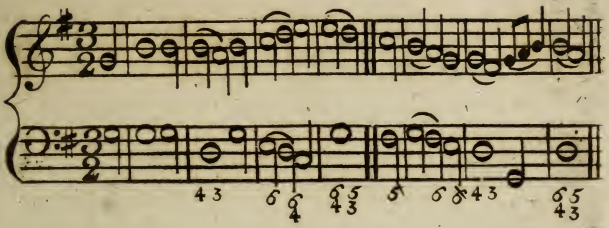
St. MAGNUS TUNE.

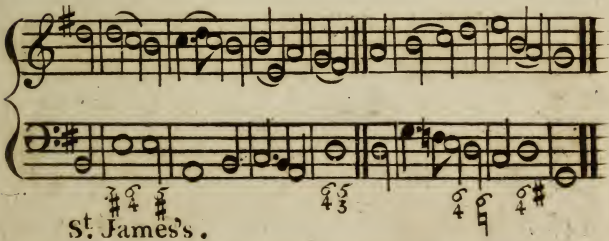
Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy ſacred will;
And all our diligence employ,
Thy ſtatutes to fulfill.

O then, that thy moſt holy will,
Might o'er my ways preſide;
And I the courſe of all my life,
By thy direction guide.

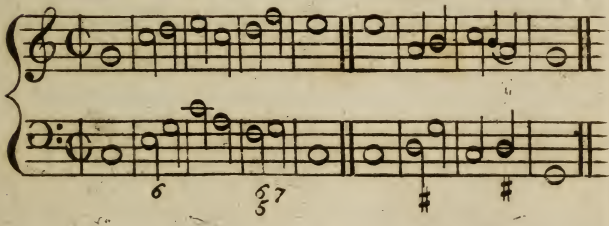
Then with aſſurance ſhould I walk,
From all confuſion free:
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

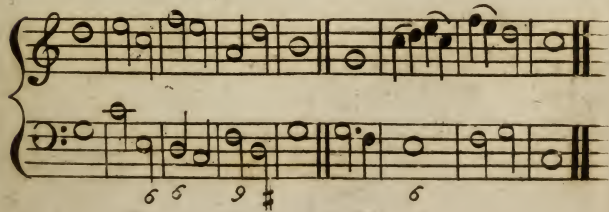
Weſtminſter New.



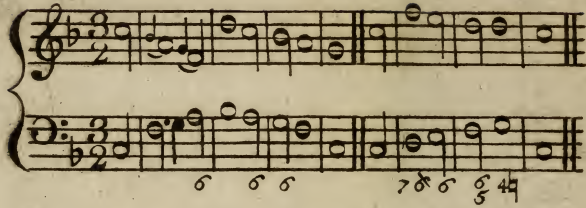


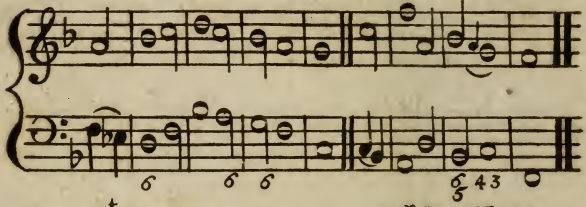
St. James's.



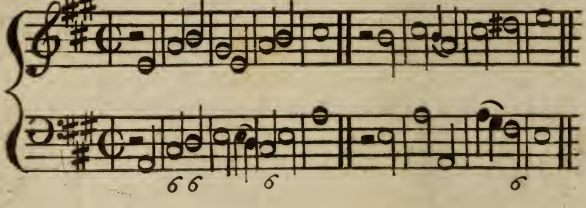


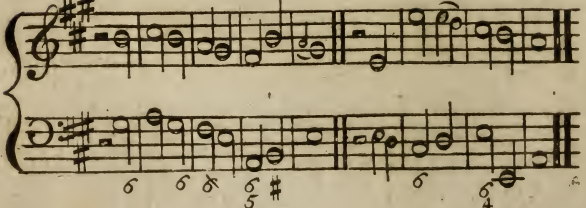
Bedford. Mr. Wheal.





St. Magnus. Mr. Jer: Clark.





PSALM CXXI.

WESTMINSTER NEW TUNE.

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,
Who Heav'n and Earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy guardian never sleeps:
His watchful care that Isr'el guards,
His saints securely keeps.

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings.
They shall securely rest;
Nor Sun nor Moon, their time or peace,
Shall day or night molest.

PSALM CXXV.

St JAMES's TUNE.

WHO place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her immoveable be fixt,
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side,
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress;
Nor force him by despair to seek,
Base means for his redress.

Be good, O righteous God to those,
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.

PSALM CXXX.

St. BRIDGET's TUNE.

FROM loweſt depths of woe,
To God I ſent my cry;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating voice,
And graciouſly reply.

Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
Who can the trial bear?—
But thou forgiv'ſt, leaſt we deſpond
And quite renounce thy fear.

My ſoul with patience waits
For thee the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promiſe built,
Thy never-failing word.
My longing eyes look out,
For thy enliv'ning ray;
More duly than the morning watch,
To ſpy the dawning day.

PSALM CXXXIV.

CHARLLOTTE TUNE.

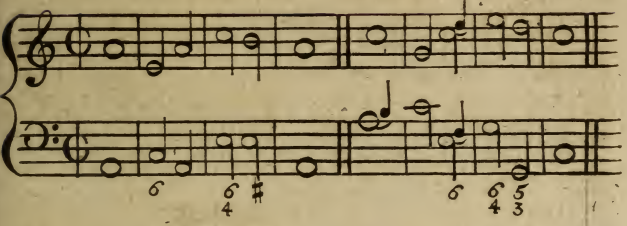
BLESS God, ye ſervants that attend,
Upon his ſolemn ſtate;
That in his temple, night by night,
With humble reverence wait.
Within his houſe, lift up your hands,
And bleſs his holy name;
From Sion bleſs thy Iſr'el Lord,
Who Heav'n and Earth did frame.

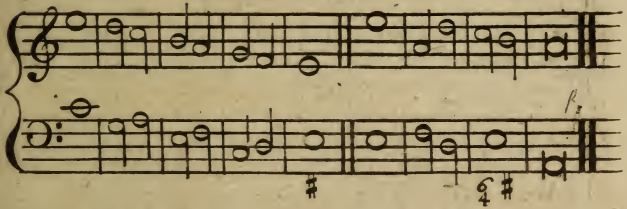
GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

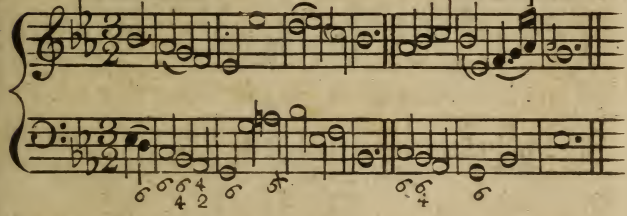
PSALM

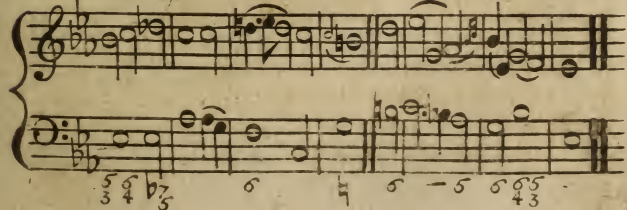
Bridget. Dr. Howard.



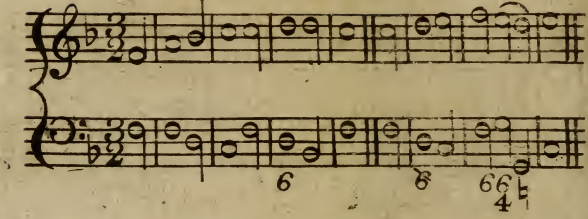


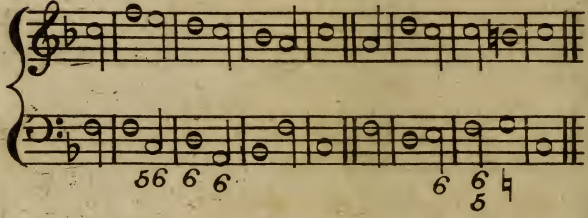
Charlotte. Mr. Dupuis.

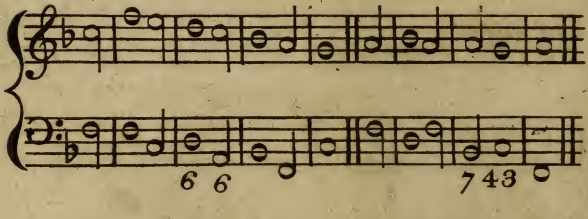


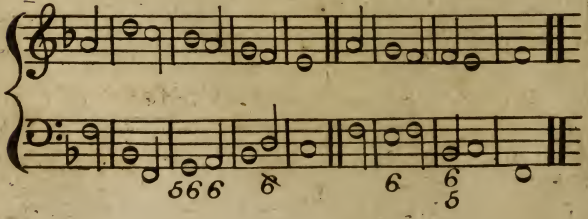


81st Pſalm Mr Allifon.









PSALM CXXXV.

PROPER 81ſt. TUNE.

O Praiſe the Lord, with one conſent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the ſervants of the Lord,
His worthy praiſe proclaim.

Praiſe him all ye, that in his houſe,
Attend with conſtant care;
With thoſe that to his utmoſt courts,
With humble zeal repair.

For this our trueſt int'reſt is,
Glad hymns of praiſe to ſing;
And with loud ſongs to bleſs his name,
A moſt delightful thing.

For God his own peculiar choice,
The juſt and upright makes;
And all who're virtuous for his own,
Moſt valu'd treaſure takes.

PART II.

That God is great, we often have,
By glad experience found,
And ſeen how he with wond'rous pow'r;
And majeſty is crown'd.

For he with unreſiſted ſtrength,
Performs his ſov'reign will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and wat'ry ſtores,
That Earth's deep caverns fill.

PSALM CXXXVI.

PROPER 148th. TUNE.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praiſe afford,
As Good as he is Great.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend;
His boundleſs Love ſhall never end.

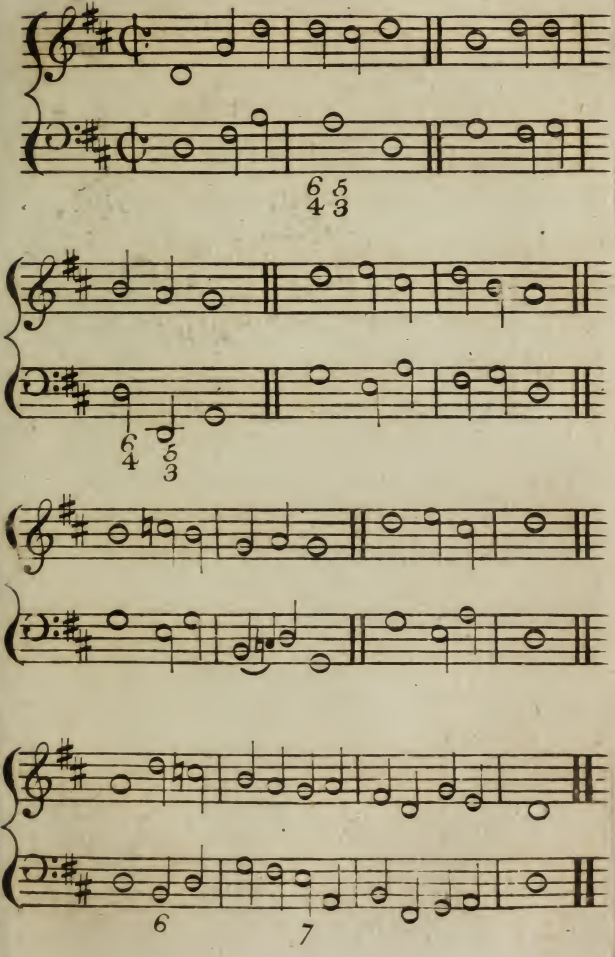
To him, whoſe wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey;
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay.
For God, &c.

By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The Heav'n's by his command,
Were to perfection brought.
For God, &c.

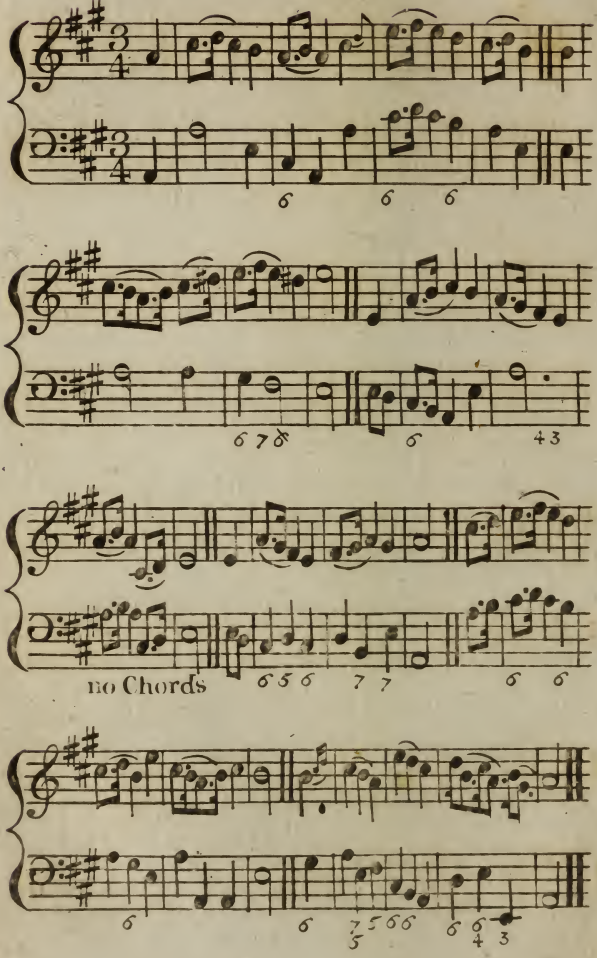
To God the Father, Son
And Spirit ever bleſt,
Eternal three in one,
All worſhip be addreſt,
As heretofore
It was, is now
And ſhall be ſo
Forever more.

PSALM

148 Pfalm M[r]. Kirby.



Wefton Favel.



PSALM CXXXVIII.

WESTONFAVEL TUNE.

WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the World with joy I'll ſing,
And bleſs thy holy name.

I'll worſhip at thy ſacred ſeat,
And with thy love inſpir'd:
The praiſes of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admir'd.

Thou graciouſly inclind'ſt thine ear,
To all who to thee cry;
And when our ſouls are preſs'd with fear
Doſt inward ſtrength ſupply.

Therefore ſhall all thy humble ſaints,
Thy name with praiſe purſue;
Who by thy mercies ſtand convinc'd,
That all thy works are true.

They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,
With chearful ſongs ſhall bleſs;
And all thy glorious acts record,
Thy awful pow'r confeſs.

GLORIA PATRI.

Glory to that bleſt three in one,
The God whom we adore;
As was and is and ſhall be done,
When time ſhall be no more.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXIX.

ROCHFORD TUNE.

THOU, Lord by ſtricteſt ſearch has known
My riſing up, and ſitting down:
My ſecret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye, my bed and path ſurveys,
My public haunts, and private ways;
Thou know'ſt what'tis my lips whould vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry ſide I find thy hand:
O ſkill, for human reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal eye!

PART II.

BROMPTON TUNE.

O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence ſhun,
Or whether from thy preſence run?

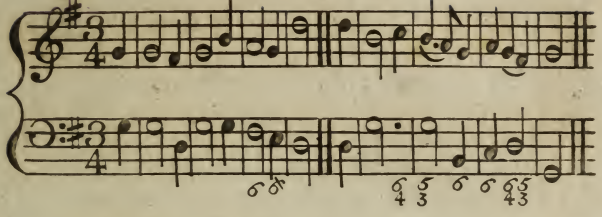
If up to Heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in light;
Or down to Hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty veng'ance reigns.

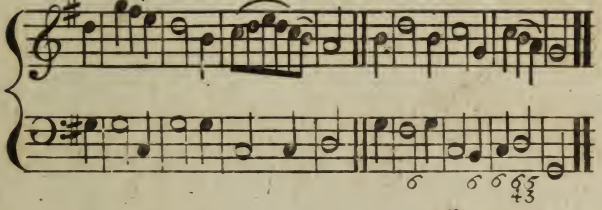
If I the morning's wings cou'd gain,
And fly beyond the weſtern main;
Thy ſwifter hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy fugitive.

Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy ſight,
Beneath the ſable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkneſs into day.

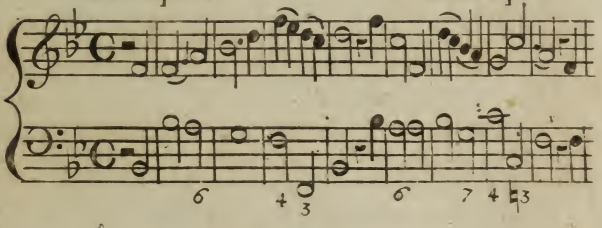
PSALM

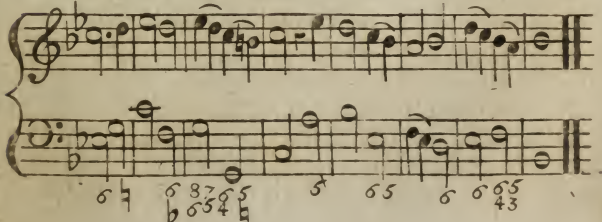
Rochford.





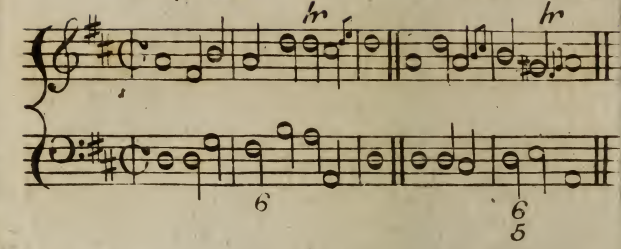
Brompton. Mr. Dupuis.

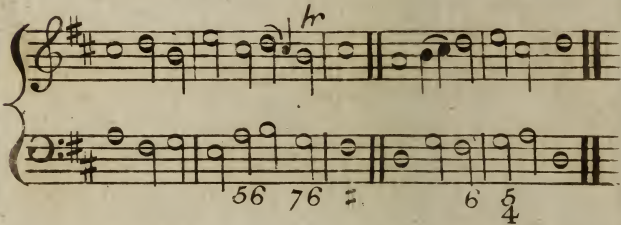




St. Anns.

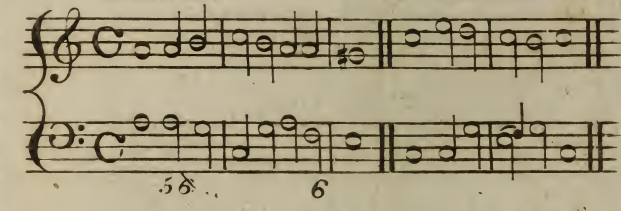
Dr. Croft.

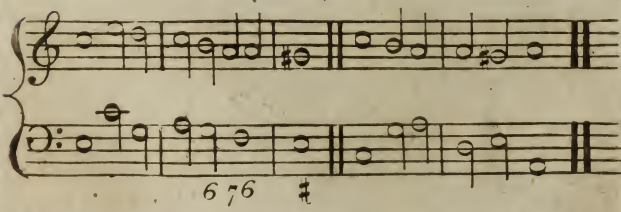




Windsor

Mr. Ravenscroft.





PSALM CXLI.

St. ANN's TUNE.

TO thee, O Lord, my cries aſcend,
O haſte to my releiſe,
And with accuſtom'd pity hear,
The accents of my grief.

Inſtead of off'rings, let my pray'r,
Like morning incenſe riſe;
My lifted hands ſupply the place,
Of Ev'ning ſacrifice.

From haſty language curb my tongue,
And let a conſtant guard;
Still keep the portal of my lips,
With wary ſilence bar'd.

PSALM CXLIII.

WINDSOR TUNE.

LORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry,
Thy wonted audience bend;
In thy accuſtom'd faith and truth,
A gracious anſwer ſend.

Nor at thy ſtrict tribunal bring,
Thy ſervant to be tried;
For in thy ſight, no living man,
Can e'er be juſtify'd

To thee my hands in humble pray'r,
I fervently ſtretch out;
My Soul for thy refreſhment thirſts,
Like land oppreſt with drought.

Thy kindneſs early let me hear,
Whoſe truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the way where I ſhould go,
My Soul to thee aſcends.

PSALM CXLV.

LONDON NEW TUNE.

THEE I'll extoll my God and King,
Thy endleſs praiſe proclaim;
This tribute daily will I bring,
And ever bleſs thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be praiſed;
Thy Majeſty with boundleſs height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty acts thy fame,
To future times extends;
From age to age, thy glorious name,
Succeſſively deſcends.

PSALM CXLVI.

STROUDWATER TUNE.

O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
For ever bleſs his name;
His wond'rous love, while life ſhall laſt,
My conſtant praiſe ſhall claim.

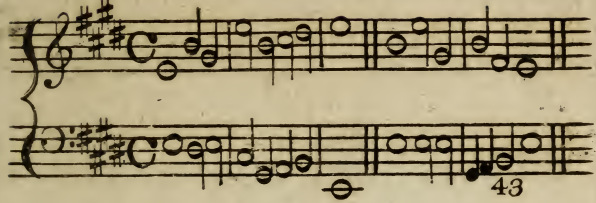
On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.

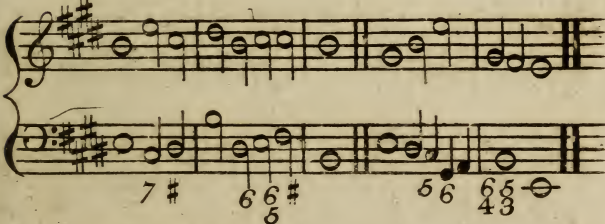
Depriv'd of breath, to duſt they turn,
And there neglected lye;
And all their thoughts and vain deſigns,
Together with them die.

Then happy he, who Jacob's God,
For his protector takes;
Who ſtill with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His conſtant refuge makes.

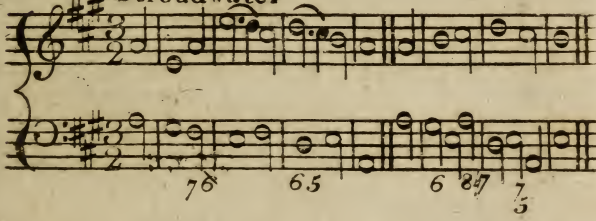
PSALM

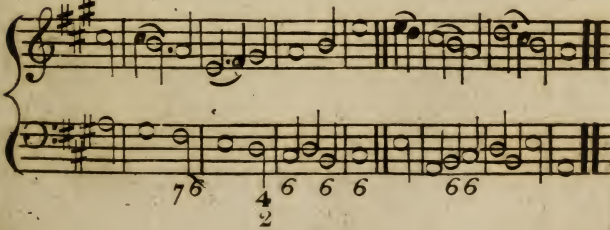
London New





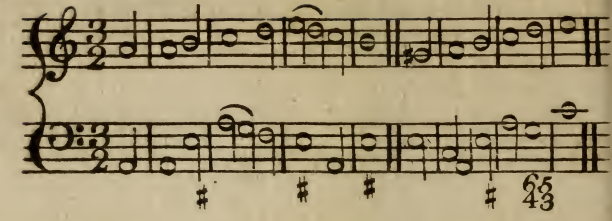
Stroudwater

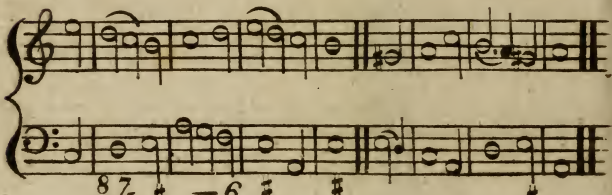




Burford.

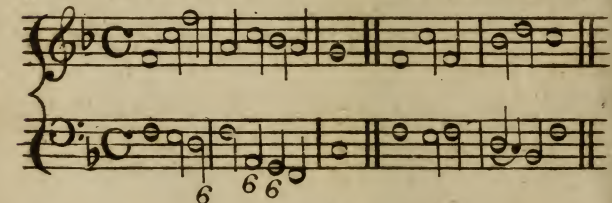
Mr. Wheal.

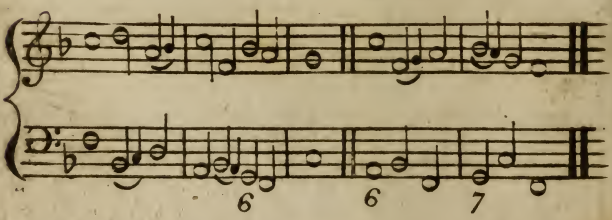




St. Davids.

Mr. Ravenscroft.





PSALM CXLVI. Part II.

BURFORD TUNE.

The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
And all that they contain;
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt truth,
Nor make his promiſe vain.

The poor oppreſt from all their wants,
Are eas'd by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And ſets the priſoners free.

By him the blind receives their ſight,
The weak and fall'n he rears;
With kind regard and tender love,
He for the righteous cares.

The ſtrangers he preſerves from harm,
The Orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked Men defeats.

PSALM CXLVII.

St DAVID's TUNE.

O Praiſe the Lord, with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame;
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis,
To praiſe his holy name.

He kindly heals the broken heart,
And all their wounds doth cloſe;

He tells the number of the Stars,
Their ſeveral names he knows.

Great as the Lord, and Great his pow'r,
His wiſdom hath no bound;
The meek he raiſes, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

PSALM CXLVIII.

PROPER 148th. TUNE.

YE boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your makers fame;
His praiſe your ſong employ,
Above the ſtarry frame;
Your voices raiſe ye Cherubin,
And Seraphin to ſing his praiſe.

Thou Moon that rules the Night,
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day;
Ye glittering Stars of light,
To him due homage pay.
His praiſe declare, ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move, in liquid air.

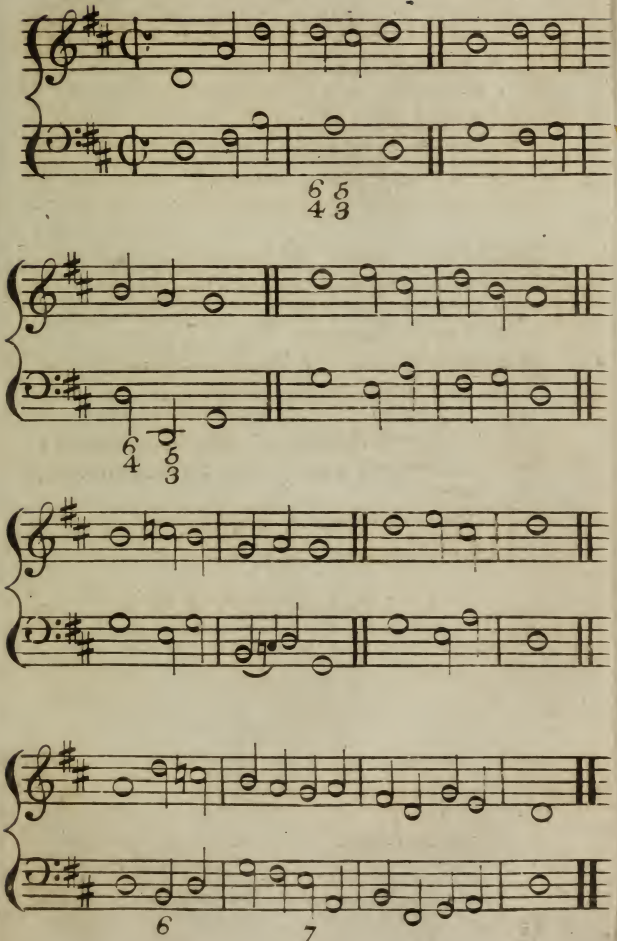
Let them adore the Lord, and praiſe his holy name,
By whoſe almighty word, they all from nothing
came;
And all ſhall laſt from changes free,
His firm decree, ſtands ever faſt.

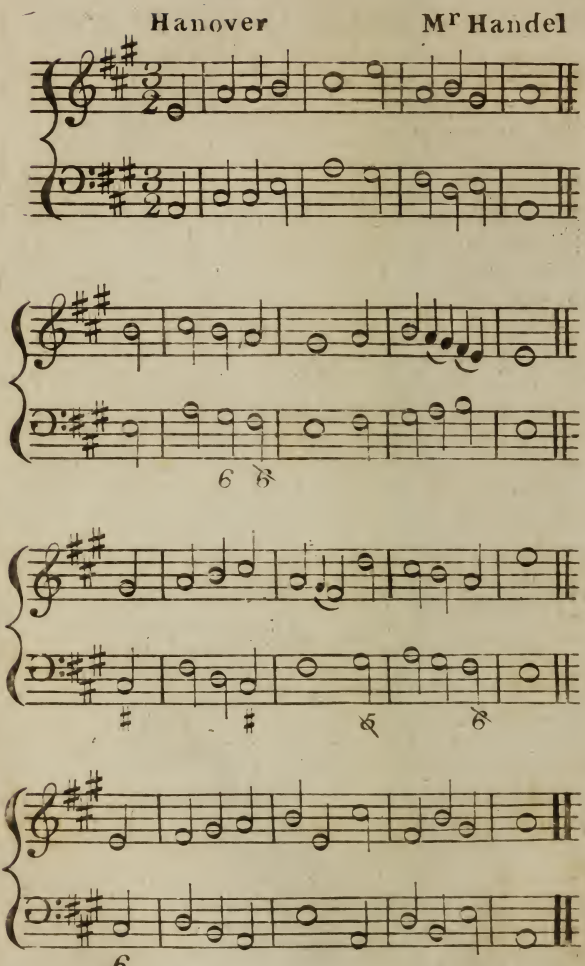
GLORIA PATRI.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bleſt,
Eternal three in one,
All worſhip be addreſt,
As heretofore
It was, is now
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

PSALM

148 Pfalm Mr. Kirby.




Hanover
Mr Handel

PSALM CXLIV.

HANOVER TUNE.

O Praiſe ye the Lord.
Prepare your glad Voice.
His praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing;
In our great Creator,
Let Iſr'el rejoice;
And children of Sion,
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great Name,
Extol in the dance;
With Timbrel and Harp,
His praiſes expreſs;
Who always takes pleaſure,
His Saints to advance;
And with his Salvation,
The humble to bleſs.

With glory adorn'd,
His people ſhall ſing,
To God, who their beds,
With ſafety does ſhield;
Their mouths fill'd with praiſes
Of him their great King;
While fruits of thankſgiving
Their holineſs yield.

GLORIA PATRI.

By Angels in Heav'n
Of every degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
All praiſe be addreſt,
To God in Three perſons,
One God ever-bleſt;
And it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

PSALM CL.

SAVOY and HAMMERSMITH TUNES.

O Praiſe the Lord, in that bleſt place,
From whence his goodneſs largely flows;
Praiſe him in Heaven, where he his face,
Unveil'd, in perfect glory ſhews.

Praiſe him for all the mighty acts
Which he on our behalf has done;
His kindneſs this return exacts,
With which our praiſe ſhould equal run.

Let the ſhrill trumpet's warlike voice,
Make rocks and hills his praiſe reſound;
Praiſe him with harp's melodious noiſe,
And gentle pſaltry's ſilver ſound.

Let virgin-troops ſoft timbrels brings,
And ſome with grateful motion dance;
Let inſtruments of various ſtrings,
With organs join'd, his praiſe advance.

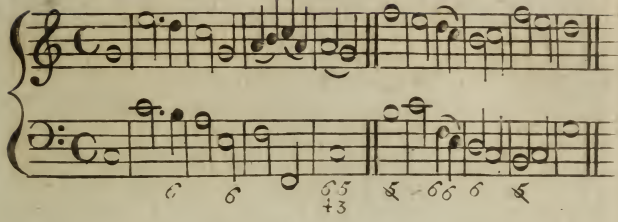
Let them who joyful hyms compoſe,
To cymbals ſet their ſongs of praiſe,
Cymbals of common uſe, and thoſe
That loudly ſound on common days.

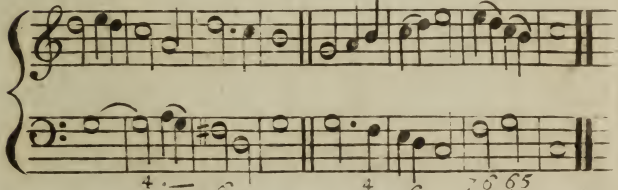
Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In juſt returns of praiſe employ;—
Let ev'ry creature praiſe the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

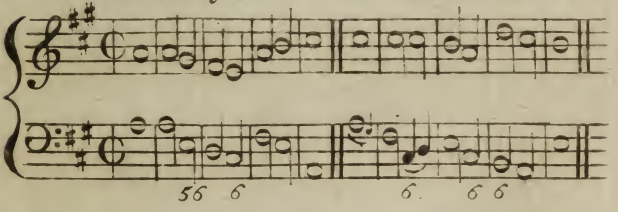
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
To God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

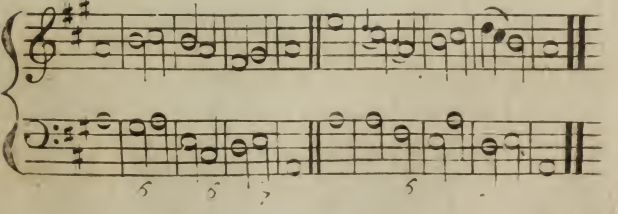
Hammersmith. Mr. Dupuis.



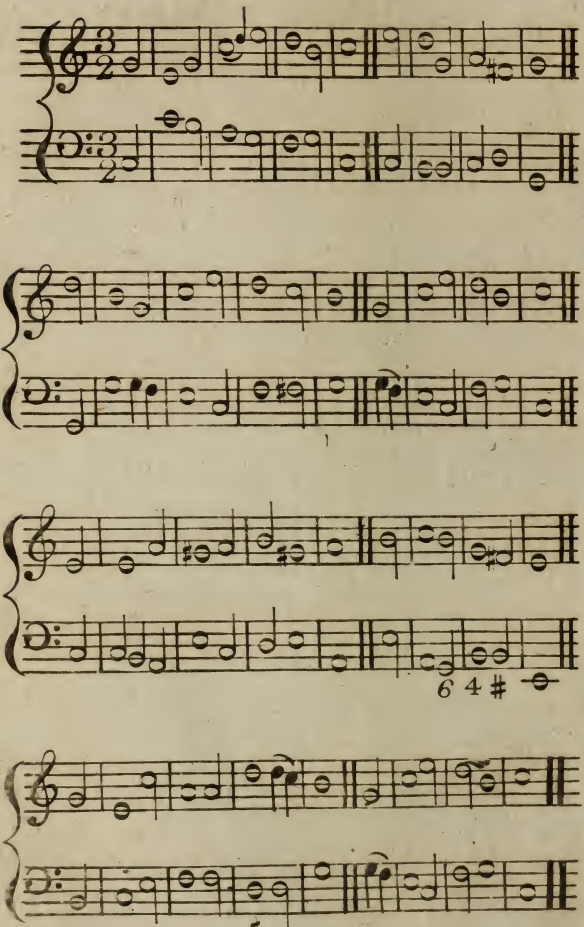


or Savoy. Dr. Bowland.





St. Mathews . Dr. Croft.



For EASTER DAY.

St. MATTHEW's TUNE, (First Hymn.)

SINCE Chriſt our Paſſover, is ſlain
A ſacrifice for all:
Let all with thankful hearts agree
To keep the feſtival:

Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of ſin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd ſincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

† Chriſt being rais'd by power divine,
And refcu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more, death ſhall on him
No more dominion have:

‡ For that he dy'd, 'twas for our ſins
He once vouchſafed to die;
But that he lives, he lives to God,
For all eternity.

§ So count yourſelves as dead to ſin
But graciouſly reſtor'd,
And made henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
To God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

For

* 1 Cor. i. 7. † Rom. vi. 9. ‡ Ver. 10. § Ver. 11.

For *EASTER DAY.* (*Second Hymn*)

EASTER HYMN TUNE.

1 JESUS CHRIST is ris'n to day. *Hallelujah.*
Our triumphant Holy-day. *Hallelujah.*
Who ſo lately on the Croſs, *Hallelujah.*
Suffered to redeem our loſs. *Hallelujah.*

2 Hymns of praiſes let us ſing,
Unto Chriſt our heav'nly King;
Who indur'd the Croſs and Grave,
Sinners to redeem and ſave. *Hallelujah.*

3 But the anguiſh he endur'd,
Our ſalvation has procur'd.
Now he reigns above the ſky,
Where Angels ever cry, *Hallelujah.*

For EASTER DAY. (*Third Hymn.*)

St. ANN's TUNE.

CHRIST from the dead is rais'd, and made
The firſt fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did reſurrection come.

† For, as in *Adam*, all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteouſneſs of Chriſt,
Shall all be made alive.

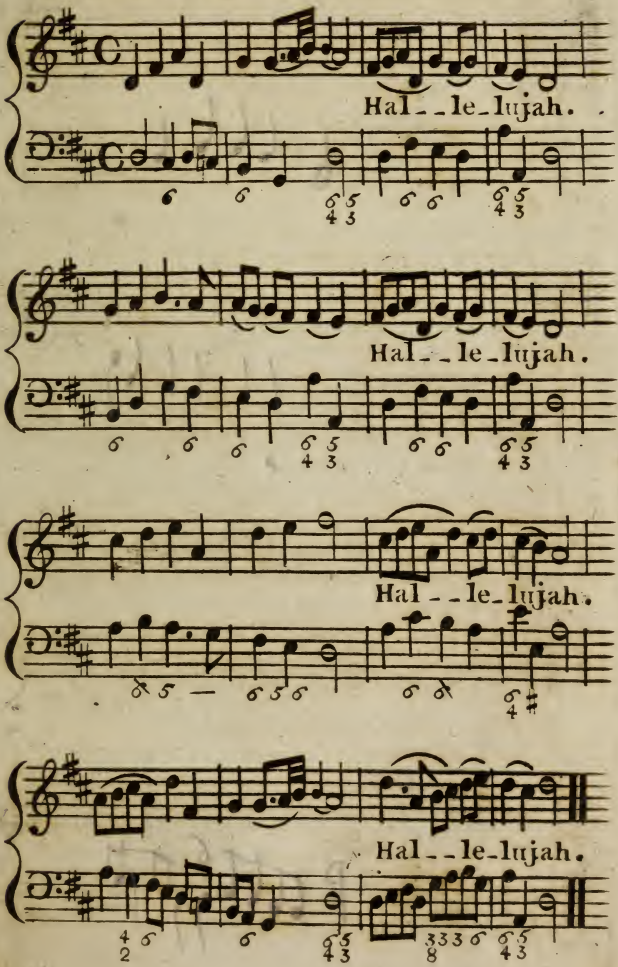
‡ If then ye riſen are with Chriſt,
Seek only how to get
The things that are above, where Chriſt
At God's right-hand is ſet.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory; as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

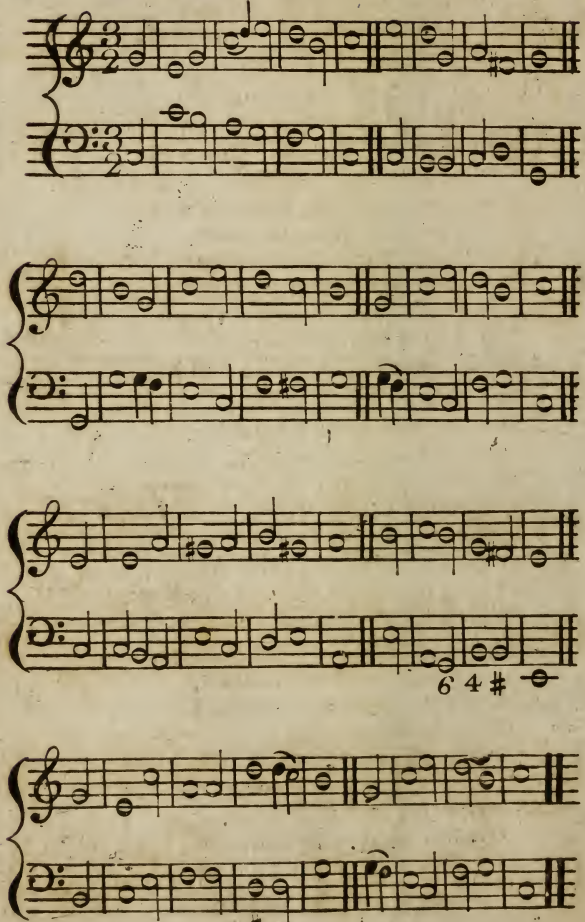
VENI

* 1 Cor. xv. † Ver. 21. ‡ Col. iii. 1.

Easter Hymn.



St. Mathews . Dr. Croft.



VENI CREATOR.

WESTONFAVEL TUNE.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, Creator, come,
Inſpire the ſouls of thine,
'Till ev'ry heart which thou haſt made
Is fill'd with grace divine.

Thou art the comforter, the gift,
Of God, and fire of love;
The everlaſting ſpring of joy,
And unction from above.

Thy gifts are manfold, thou wri'ſt
God's laws in each true heart:
The promiſe of the Father, thou
Doſt heav'nly ſpeech impart.
Enlighten our dark ſouls 'till they
Thy ſacred love embrace;
Aſſiſt our minds, (by nature frail,)
With thy celeſtial grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within;
That by thy guidance bleſt, we may
Eſcape the ſnares of ſin.
Teach us the Father to confeſs,
And Son, from death reviv'd;
And with them both, The, Holy Ghoſt,
Who art from both deriv'd.

With thee, O Father, therefore may,
The Son, from death reſtor'd,
And ſacred comforter, one God
Devoutly be ador'd.
As in all ages heretofore,
Has conſtantly been done,
As now it is; and ſhall be ſo,
When time his courſe has run.

HYMN. (*For Chriſtmas Day.*)

YARMOUTH TUNE.

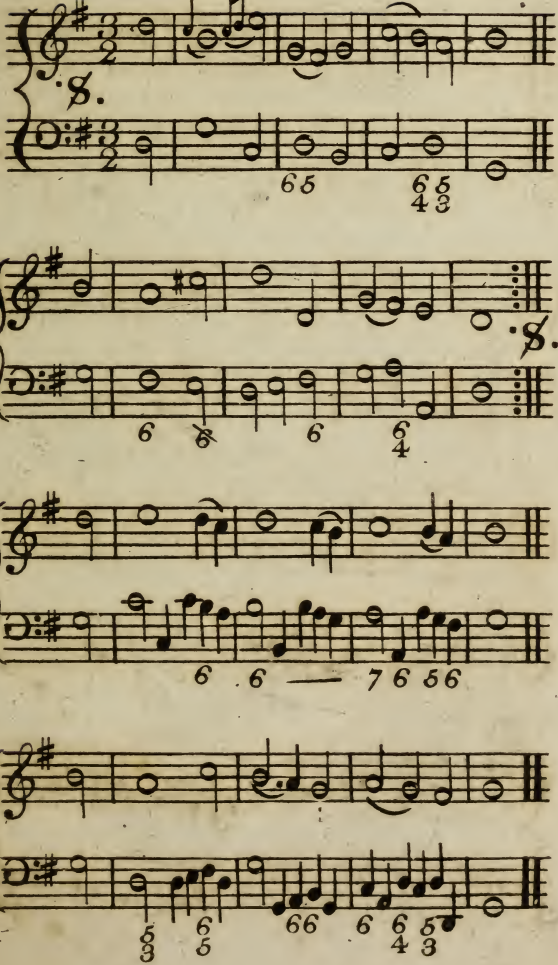
BETIMES, on that auſpicious morn,
When the long promis'd Chriſt was born;
An Angel unto Shepherds came,
The glorious tidings to proclaim;
Around him heavenly ſplendor ſhone,
Glories before them unknown.

But ſoon they heard his chearing voice;
"Shepherd's, I call to you, rejoice,
"To David's City, haſt away,
"There Chriſt, the Lord, is born to day;
"Laid in a manger, there you'll find,
"The promis'd Saviour of mankind.

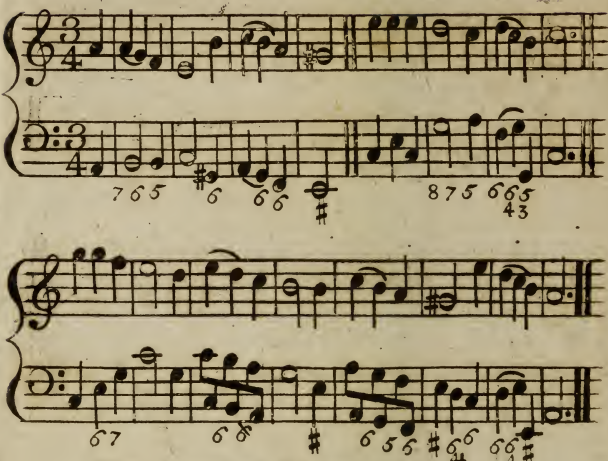
Soon as the Angel made an end,
They ſaw the heavenly troops deſcend,
In radient clouds, on high, they hung,
And thus in ſtrains Celeſtial ſung;
To God on high, all praiſe beſtow,
Peace and good will to men below.

Shall Angels ſing our Saviours name,
With loud applauſe his birth proclaim;
And ſhall not we, with voice and heart,
With them, in conſort, join our part;
Glory to him in praiſes ſing,
Who this day, did Salvation bring.

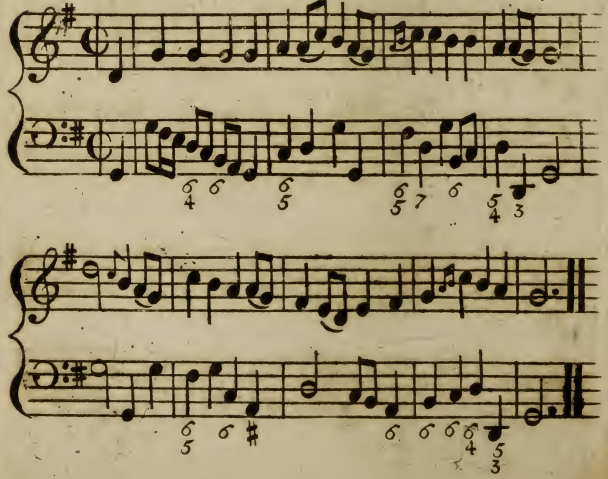
Yarmouth Mr. Carey.



The Morning Hymn



The Evening Hymn



A MORNING HYMN;

(As originally wrote by the late Biſhop KENN).

AWAKE, my ſoul, and with the ſun,
Thy daily ſtage of duty run,
Shake off dull ſloth, and joyful riſe,
To pay thy morning ſacrifice.

Thy precious time miſpent, redeem,
Each preſent day thy laſt eſteem,
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day, thyſelf prepare.

In converſation be ſincere,
Keep conſcience as the noon-tide clear:
Think how all-ſeeing God thy ways,
And all thy ſecret thoughts ſurveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others ſhine,
Reflect all Heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love, and chearful praiſe.

Wake, and lift up thy ſelf, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied ſing,
High praiſe to the Eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inſpire,
That I like you my age may ſpend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in ſight,
Perform like you my Makers will,
O may I never more do ill.

Had

Had I your wings to Heaven I'd fly,
But God ſhall that defect ſupply,
And my ſoul wing'd with warm deſire,
Shall all day long to Heav'n aſpire.

All praiſe to thee, who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſh'd me whilſt I ſlept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs light partake.

I would not wake, nor riſe again,
Ev'n Heaven itſelf I would diſdain,
Were't not thou there to be enjoy'd,
And I in hymns to be employ'd.

Heav'n is, dear Lord, where e'er thou art,
O never then from me depart:
For to my ſoul, 'tis Hell to be,
But for one moment, void of thee.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Diſperſe my ſins as Morning dew,
Guard my firſt ſprings of thought and will,
And with thy ſelf my ſpirit fill.

Direct, controul, ſuggeſt, this day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay,
That all my powers with all their might,
In thy ſole glory may unite.

Praiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all creatures here below,
Praiſe him above ye heavenly hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

ALL.

ALL praiſe to thee, my God, this night,
For all the bleſſings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Beneath thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, my ſelf and thee,
I, e'er I ſleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Riſe Glorious at the awful day.

O! may my ſoul on thee repoſe,
And may ſweet ſleep mine eye-lids cloſe;
Sleep that may me more vig'rous make,
To ſerve my God when I awake.

When in the night I ſleepleſs lie,
My ſoul with heavenly thoughts ſupply;
Let no ill dreams diſturb my reſt,
No powers of darkneſs me moleſt.

Dull ſleep of ſenſe me to deprive,
I am but half my time alive,
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are griev'd,
To lie ſo long of thee bereav'd,

But tho' ſleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let looſe my heart,
Till it an hallelujah dart.

The faſter ſleep the ſenſes binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds,
O may my ſoul, from matter free,
Thy lovelineſs unclouded ſee.

O when

O when ſhall I in endleſs day,
For ever chace dark ſleep away,
And hymns with the ſupernal choir,
Inceſſant ſing and never tire!

O may my Guardian, while I ſleep,
Cloſe to my bed his vigils keep,
His love angelical inſtil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he cœleſtial joy rehearſe,
And thought to thought with me converſe,
Or in my ſtead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful ſong.

Praiſe God from whom all bleſſings flow,
Praiſe him all creatures here below,
Praiſe him above ye heav'nly hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

GLORIA PATRI.

To the Tune of the EASTER HYMN.

LET us to the Father ſing, *Hallelujah.*
To the Son, our glorious King, *Hallelujah.*
To the Spirit ever bleſt, *Hallelujah.*
Praiſe eternal be addreſt, *Hallelujah.*

God the Son for ſinners died,
God the Father's ſatisfied;
God the ſpirit, Heav'nly dove,
Tune our ſouls to ſing thy love, *Hallelujah.*

Hail to thee bleſt One in Three,
Was, and is, and e'er ſhall be,
God ſupreme, whom we adore,
Now, henceforth, and evermore, *Hallelujah.*

FINIS.

Thos Johnson's Abridgment of the New Version, 1777.

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all ent.d

Several tunes by Mr Dupuis.